Saturday Night

October 24, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

The hash of confusion and contradiction that passes for a national television policy in Canada was made even more unappetizing by the Governors of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation after their recent hearings in Winnipeg. Chairman Davidson Dunton and his colleagues have spoken with fervor and frequency on the aims and principles of the CBC, but the recommendations they made following the session in Winnipeg confirm the opinion that there is little relation between what they say and what they do, and that in truth there is no policy but only a strangely elastic set of rules which can be stretched or snapped according to the whims of whoever actually controls the activities of the CBC.

The principles embodied in the regulations of the CBC forbid the ownership or management of more than one TV station by one man or one set of interests, the Governors say. Consequently, they rejected some applications for TV licences submitted by people who already had interests in various proposed outlets. But they did not frown on all such applications. They recommended that Central Ontario Television, which is

John Steele

A. DAVIDSON DUNTON: Is he not disturbed?

Cadillac

In view of the car's great prestige, it is often forgotten how practical it is to own a Cadillac. At the time of resale, for instance, a Cadillac returns a larger proportion of the original investment than you would believe possible. It is also true that Cadillac's record for operation and maintenance actually rivals that of cars which are built and sold largely on the basis of economy. Yes, you can buy a Cadillac for every practical reason—as well as for performance and beauty and comfort and prestige. Better see your dealer today—for the most convincing demonstration in the motor car world!

Jewels by Harry Winston

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

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half-owned by Famous Players Canadian Corporation Ltd., be licensed to build and operate a television station in Kitchener, and they conveniently shrugged off the fact that Famous Players Canadian Corporation has a big share in the TV station licensed for Quebec City by saying that the latter outlet "would operate chiefly in French." Then they compounded confusion by turning down an application by the Saskatoon *Star-Phoenix*, a Sifton newspaper, because the Siftons not only control the station licensed for Regina but also have a considerable interest in the one being built in Hamilton, Ontario.

What kind of low-grade comedy is this? Mr. Dunton and his Governors would have us believe, apparently, that Quebec is not part of Canada at all, but a sort of foreign dependency nominally attached to Canada and not subject to "national policy." And they would have us believe that, as far as the rest of the country is concerned, a business operation cannot be controlled by any person or agency owning an interest of only a third or so in it. The Governors, it seems, subscribe to the theory that it is possible to be just a tiny bit pregnant with nothing much more serious happening.

Mr. Dunton and his colleagues must explain what they are up to. And while they are preparing this explanation of the inexplicable, they might tell us what has happened to the CBC's great aim of developing Canadian culture and keeping the pure Canadian air free from the contaminating influences seeping in from the United States. Famous Players Canadian Corporation is controlled by Paramount Pictures Inc. Is Mr. Dunton not disturbed by the possible influence of this American company on Canadian culture? This question, however, may already have been answered in part by the CBC's station CBLT in Toronto, which seems to have embarked on a campaign of fighting fire with fire: trying to increase its tiny proportion of the Toronto TV audience (which now prefers American stations, four to one) by importing American programs holus bolus.

We do not think Mr. Dunton, as chairman of the Board, needs to justify the recommending of two TV outlets to the one business concern; indeed, he would do well to recommend the abandonment of the silly CBC regulation which forbids extended ownership and operation of private networks. But Mr. Dunton certainly must justify the approval of extended ownership in some cases but not in others.

Oh, unhappy Mr. Dunton.

Birthday Present

ALEXANDER YOUNG JACKSON had just got back from a sketching trip in Quebec when we climbed the 40-odd steps to his third-floor studio in Toronto to talk about the forthcoming exhibition of his paintings. He was gazing out of the ceiling-high window at the trees parading their Fall outfits in the Rosedale Valley below.

"I haven't been long in this particular studio," he said, "and I like the view. I used to be on the other side, but when they started to build the subway through the valley it looked as though it was going to be noisy, so I was happy to move in here when it fell vacant. It makes the third studio I've occupied in this house. The first one I shared with Tom Thomson, when the building was first erected in January, 1914. I had been feeling a bit depressed about that time and I was considering moving to the United States, but the late Dr. Jim McCallum stopped me. 'What are we going to do if all you youngsters leave Canada?' he said. Then he offered to pay my expenses for a year if I stayed, and of course I did. But later war broke out and I got restless. I went off and joined the infantry. I served in Europe, did a few paintings of battle scenes, officially commissioned — I think they're in the National Gallery now."

Those early years were difficult ones. "The turning point probably came as a result of the Wembley exhibition in 1924," he said. "Our group (the Group of Seven) sent a lot of stuff over and it was received with a great deal of excitement. In fact, it was the first time that any Canadian art had caused excitement, and most papers over here reprinted an Associated Press dispatch quoting the reviews. The die-hards didn't like that a bit, and some of them even resigned from the Academy here when our work was accepted. We painted rocks and muskeg and things that were supposed to be unpaintable, and some people always resent change. Now, I think, the young men would call us old-hat."

After the Group of Seven came the Impressionists to startle tradition. "They're symbolic of their age," Mr. Jackson said. "Their work is exciting because they are excited. They're keen on experimentation, not only in writing and painting but in everything."

The A. Y. Jackson exhibition, which opens in the Toronto Art Gallery this week, includes just over 100 of his works, ranging from his early days to canvases finished only this summer. It comes almost as a birthday present—he celebrated his 71st birthday earlier this month. "I'm looking forward to the show very much," he said. "I shall be able to have another look at works I haven't seen myself for 30 years or so."

NFB

A. Y. JACKSON: "They would call us old-hat."

The Open Fireplace

THIS IS the time of year when people in the more temperate parts of the country talk about the open fireplace in terms as glowing as the ruddy embers in the grate. We will concede the poetic qualities of an open fire, but with a reservation; it pleases the eye and warms the mind only as long as there is a prosaic furnace to look after the job of heating the body. Otherwise, the open fireplace is a dishonest thing, which makes a great show of giving comfort but lacks the means of backing up its boast.

Prophets of Doom

WE'VE BEEN hearing a lot of talk recently about the danger of North Americans talking themselves into a depression. There are plenty of signs that the boom will slow up to catch its breath during the months ahead, and that there will be more competition to slim down the bulging business waistline; the fear is that too many people will convince themselves that it's not a healthy diet but an enforced famine, and so bring about a sort of economic hypochondria.

Well, we've been hearing some pretty gloomy predictions for quite a while now. Indeed, we had barely got back to this country eight years ago when we were assured by a very knowing economist that, with the war over and done with, a depression was inevitable. "Hold off buying," he said, "because prices are going down, way down." The memory of that wistful bit of advice has come back many times since, because the same theory keeps popping up each year about this time until it has become a regular autumn dirge.

There is some reason, then, if we refuse to get into much of a tizzy about the danger of North America talking itself into a slump. The people who make things, and sell them and buy them, have insisted on ignoring the prophets of doom, who have found their only receptive audience among the politicians, a notoriously jittery breed. In the early postwar years at least, the legislators were frightened enough by the prophets to adopt economic policies which, coming on top of a flood of consumer demand which had been dammed by war, washed up a fine tangle of inflation.

Nil Nisi Bonum

NO SOONER is the urge for censorship stifled in one place than it reveals itself in another, and with each reappearance it seems to get more insidious, more dangerous. Now it has cropped up in Luton, England, where the town council has appointed a censor of epitaphs. Here is a challenge which every free man must face, an attack on liberty he must repulse before it gets properly started. If Luton gets away with it, there is no telling how many other regulation-crazed officials will seize on this new effrontery. They can tell us where, how and what we will drink, what we must listen to, and how we will spend a very large part of our money; but we must never let them force us to lie, once we have achieved the final freedom of death, under nothing but officially-approved platitudes.

Luton town council may well be guilty of violating several freedoms, including that of the press. The writing of epitaphs, in England more than any other country, has been a highly developed form of literary achievement. It would be a short step for a censor from a gravestone to a printed page. Then what of truth and wit and duty? A censor might read oblique disapproval of military orders in "Stranger, bear this message to the Spartans, that we lie here obedient to their laws"; or frown on the bluff honesty of "This is the tomb of Callimachus that thou art passing; he could sing well, and laugh well at the right time over the wine"; or lay a heavy hand on the lightness of "Excuse my dust."

Must rascals be forever saints on stone once they have appropriated

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for themselves their final plot of ground? Far better that we leave the way open for a more truthful recollection: "Here Huntingdon's ashes long have lain, Whose loss is our eternal gain, For while he exercised all his powers, Whatever he gained, the loss was ours." No man should deny us our right to make our own self-assessment for curious generations to come: "Here rests one fortune never favored, He grew no wiser from the past; But e'er with perseverance labored And still contended to the last." And survivors should be permitted to give honest expression to their sorrow: "Ci-gît ma femme. Ah! Qu'elle est bien pour son repos et pour le mien."

What is needed is not censorship of epitaphs but a more lively promotion of them. Used with grace and imagination, they could provide a sort of running history of our times. "Here lie G. Whilliken's friends, all five; he took them along when he learned to drive." And to keep would-be censors subdued, all municipal councils should learn by heart the tale of the ancient Chinese scholar Wang Pen; having read all the inscriptions in various cemeteries, Wang Pen suggested to his Emperor that the living be killed and the dead resurrected.

No Reply

THE OTHER Friday we happened to hear a radio announcer get pretty excited about National Letter-writing Week. We had only a day left to do our duty by NLWW, we learnt, and not wishing to be a spoil-sport we sat down to write a letter. In the course of a day we get through a fair amount of correspondence, but after all we're paid for that, and this should be something special. Who stood in the greatest need of a friendly, chatty letter to brighten a stern and gloomy life? We finally picked on Mr. Malenkov, told him about all the goings-on in Canada (nothing top-secret, of course) and to put the thing on a nice friendly basis, suggested that in his reply he tell us where he hid the body. So far we have had no reply. Perhaps Mr. Malenkov missed hearing about National Letter-writing Week.

More Engineers

NEXT SPRING, graduates of engineering courses in Quebec, Ontario and British Columbia will be able to take a standard examination which will enable them to practise their profession in any one of the three provinces, instead of going through a new test if they move from one to another. To most of us, it may seem to be a simple, logical step by the engineers, but it has taken five years to reach interprovincial agreement on the matter. One of the men who has had a prominent part in bringing it about is Col. Thomas Medland, 55-year-old executive director of the Association of Professional Engineers of Ontario.

We found Col. Medland, a bluff, broad-shouldered man, in the second-floor office of the Association's headquarters in Toronto—in a turreted building decorated inside with breezy landscapes painted mostly by members of the Association. He was ploughing through a pile of letters from engineers in other countries who wanted to know if their qualifications were enough to enable them to practise in Canada.

"There have been a good many queries from the United States in recent years," he said. "All part of the boom, I suppose. And there will always be engineers who are quick to jump at opportunities and go nipping off to wherever there's interesting work to be done. There will always be jobs for them, too. Actually, the roving instinct seems to have diminished to a certain extent in recent years—or so it seems to me. Engineers get married and so on, and I suppose there comes a time when they want to settle down like everybody else."

Col. Medland, who has never been an engineer himself (although his son, Thomas, 27, runs a small machine shop), took over his job with the Ontario Association in 1945. He served with the Royal Flying Corps in World War I, with the Canadian Army in World War II, and is chairman of the Ontario Canteen Fund and the Soldiers' Aid Commission. He preferred to talk about his engineers, however.

"We have a busy program," he said. "We're preparing a booklet right now outlining some of the advantages of the profession, and it will be sent to every high school in this province. We've got the nucleus of a roster of speakers who will be willing to give inquirers more information about the profession. We're putting a good deal of energy into this, because these days youngsters tend to take the well-paying jobs they can get without any particular training. We're anxious to persuade them to take the longer view and train for a career, not just a job.

Col. Medland produced impressive evidence of the opportunities in Ontario alone, noting in passing that this province harbors nearly two-thirds of Canada's 22,000 professional engineers. When we left, we found we were unconsciously humming a refrain we picked up in our military days, which extols the extraordinary toughness of "engineers with hairy ears . . . and leather britches."

The Unknown Country

A FRIEND of ours who lives in Stoke-on-Trent, England, decided the other day to come to Canada. He trotted down to the bank to make the necessary financial arrangements, and told the manager he was emigrating to British Columbia. He swears that the banker's comment was, "British Columbia, hmmm. Linked up with Canada, isn't it? Got a common frontier, and I think things must be good in Canada. I keep noticing in the *Financial Times* that the big London finance houses are always asking for Treasury permission to invest in Canada." Our friend says he assured the banker that Canada was getting along tolerably well, and adds this comment: "As long as the British papers do not rate things like the oil pipelines as newsworthy, and the BBC dare not mention Kitimat for fear of being accused of advertising private enterprise, the man-in-the-street here will never learn much about Canada."

Gilbert A. Milne

COL. THOMAS MEDLAND: "There will always be jobs for them."

Atomic Blabbermouths

WHEN NEWSPAPERS in the United States and Canada urged that North Americans be given more information about the atomic weapons that could blow them to smithereens, nobody expected that officials in Washington would suddenly go about making all sorts of contradictory statements. Yet that is what happened, until President Eisenhower, miffed by the hilarious performance of what one writer described as "the atomic blabbermouths", passed the word along that in future all official statements about atomic weapons must conform to the decisions of the National Security Council or be cleared through the White House. And a good thing, too. People could get pretty bemused by such statements as these:

Charles E. Wilson, Secretary of Defence: "The Soviet Union has a hydrogen bomb."

Val Peterson, Civil Defence Administrator: "The Soviet Union has not got the hydrogen bomb. All it has is a thermonuclear device."

Arthur S. Flemming, head of the Office of Defence Mobilization: "Soviet Russia is capable of delivering the most destructive weapon ever devised by man on chosen targets in the United States."

Secretary Wilson: "It will be three years, maybe more, before the Russians have enough hydrogen bombs and the planes to deliver them in an atomic war against the United States."

The grim men in the Kremlin must get a big kick out of such goings-on. They know well enough how such on-again off-again talk can breed the confusion and uncertainty which one day will grow into fear. It would be wise for the rest of us to assume that Russia has got the hydrogen bomb and knows how to use it, and that the Communists, however ugly their doctrine and loutish their conduct, are not complete fools. Better for our own security and strength of purpose that we credit them with a little more strength than they really have than that we live in foolish hope that they will never be strong enough to make war on us.

The Astounding Turkeys

OUR COLLEAGUES who survey the Social Scene have reported that this Thanksgiving looked like a record-breaker in every way. The football games, the turkeys, the pumpkin pies and the harvest-homes were the biggest and sometimes the best yet. As a sort of postscript, one of them added: "When I bought my bird, the lady who served me sighed, 'It's simply astounding the number of turkeys wot I've slid acrost this counter this morning.'"

A Switch by Peron

PRESIDENT PERON of Argentina, who has toiled diligently for years to create a Latin American bloc opposed to the United States, seems to have had a change of heart. In a speech made during a visit to Paraguay the other day, he had a vision of the Americas, from North Pole to South, as "one great homeland" inhabited by "friendly peoples associated together in an intangible sovereignty." Possibly his conversion to sweetness and light has something to do with his need for the foreign investments which can save his nation from the bankruptcy to which his policies have led it. In any case, if he wants us to get chummy with him, he must first restore to Argentina the freedom of information he took away; friendliness doesn't blossom along a wall of censorship or in the soil of enslaved opinion.

Letters

Sacred Cow?

EVERYONE is bored by the endless talk at the United Nations, but at the same time everyone shudders in holy horror at any suggestion that the expensive and time-wasting UN be abolished. Apparently people want it to exist but are not prepared to read about it, pay any attention to it, and in fact do anything to keep it from being forgotten. What all this means is that the UN is probably the fattest sacred cow of our times.

The ideal of the UN cannot be attacked: it is something the world needs and ultimately must achieve. But to call the present attempt "The United Nations" is, of course, absurd. It is merely another arena for power politicians to play their games with more room for manoeuvre. I suggest that progress towards world peace is being delayed rather than speeded by the UN: that the world should go back to its pre-UN system of treaties; and that efforts to re-form an international Parliament be held off until the statesmen have had a good long cooling-off period.

Winnipeg WILSON B. FARRELL

Italy's Friendship

IN REVIEWING Italian Foreign Relations in the Italian Chamber of Deputies, Prime Minister Giuseppe Pella expressed himself as follows with regard to Canada:

"Our relations with Canada are excellent and based on a solid and cloudless friendship. In the questions which are particularly near to the heart of our people, our Canadian allies have shown understanding and interest. The Italian Government hopes to be able soon to reciprocate to the Right Hon. Louis S. St. Laurent, Prime Minister of Canada, the cordial welcome extended in 1951 by the Government and people of Canada to Prime Minister De Gasperi".

Toronto GERARDO ZAMPAGLIONE
Vice Consul of Italy

Melancholy Case

MANY OF YOUR READERS will deplore the deep-rooted prejudices evident in two letters under the heading *People for Canada* (Sept. 12). May I make a few comments on each?

Jean F. X. Charron is definitely confused about the whole problem of integration or he would not cast aspersions against the Ukrainians, the Serbs and the Poles, most of whom have made good in Canada. Does not the writer know that the Ukrainians have lived in Canada for well over 60 years, that they have contributed much to the land of their adoption—both economically and culturally—and that they have become one of the largest nationality groups in this country? While making a survey in Western Canada I saw vast tracts of prairie land which had been transformed from a wilderness into a granary second to none in the world, largely by the toil of three generations of Ukrainians. Does not their record entitle them to the respect and appreciation of all Canadians? All three groups mentioned by Mr. Charron have fought side by side with their fellow-Canadians for Canada . . .

My comment on Philip Camp's letter may be summed up in his own sorry phrase—"a sickening spectacle"! It is true, the task of integration is a tremendous one and challenging in the extreme. In recent years a considerable amount of intelligent assistance has been given to refugees, D.P.'s and other newcomers because of their importunity. But if the ever-increasing needs are to be adequately met, still better things must be planned by the Government, the churches, the schools, the welfare organizations—both Canadian interested ethnic groups. Our schools demonstrate the ease with which many newcomers acquire English, e.g., six students of European origin topped all pupils in the Spring examinations of a collegiate institute in North Toronto. Many of the more recently-arrived immigrants from such countries as Latvia, Estonia, Holland and Lithuania, far from being ignorant, ill mannered and dirty, are graduates of colleges . . . The greatest obstacles to happy integration are the wretched prejudices and unfortunate attitudes at times expressed by some disgruntled Canadians . . .

KATE A. FOSTER
President, Toronto Council of Friendship.
Toronto

THOUGH ONE is forced all too frequently to lament the pedestrian mindedness of many people, one is rarely called upon to mourn the existence of such a melancholy case of small town bigotry as that of Philip Camp on immigration (SATURDAY NIGHT "Letter", Sept. 12). A veritable elegy of ignorance!

No mere acolyte of absurdity is Mr. Camp, to whom all the lessons of history are meaningless. Incredibly enough, he has yet to see the importance of immigration to a country which is gradually pricing itself out of world markets. Nor is he aware of the manpower famine which dogs the General Staff. "Enough people in the country now to live prosperously and decently for any number of years" indeed! How many years? . . .

ROBERT S. JOHNSTON
Newtonbrook, Ont.

Grammarian

BEING OUT of touch now with the teaching world, I had not heard of Mr. Will Hankinson (SATURDAY NIGHT, Sept. 26) as the authority on grammar which he evidently considers himself to be. That being the case, it is bewildering when he endorses a sentence in which an adjective is used to modify a verb.

In its editorial on the Coronation, the New York *Times* said: "The Archbishop of Canterbury showed us how beautiful the English language can be, when it is spoken by someone who understands it, and loves it." That is the language Canada has inherited. May her teachers guard it well, and try to avoid having it polluted by ugly, sloppy speech . . .

Halifax M. LEE

The Quebec Vote

I WAS VERY much surprised at some of the remarks of Hugh MacLennan in your issue of September 5th. He says, "the Federal Conservatives rode roughshod over French Canada in the First World War" and "all through the Second World War they were willing to split the country in two." He, of course, was referring to the Conscription issue . . .

Quebec has never forgiven the Conservatives for their stand on Conscription in the First and Second World Wars and in each election the voters of that province are warned that if the Conservatives are returned to power they will do something equally dreadful. That means that one of the two dominant races in Canada votes almost solidly for one party. There can never be a united Canada as long as this condition exists and unfortunately the leaders of the Liberal Party do nothing to correct this situation. One of the chief reasons the Liberals obtain a majority in the English-speaking provinces is that Liberal candidates openly boast that their party can depend on an almost solid Quebec vote and consequently no other party has a chance to form a government; hence many thousands of voters swing to what they think will be the winning side. If the present condition continues, one wonders if in the future some party may not arise which will conduct an anti-French campaign. Heaven forbid this should happen but advocates of unity should seriously consider the possibility.

North Vancouver, BC J. B. DELONG

Corrective Measures

IT SEEMS to me rather illogical that so many readers should have commented on the question of divorce, in general terms, without offering some specific suggestions as to a solution or remedy . . .

As to corrective measures, I would propose these:

1. That schools, churches or social clubs undertake a very careful program of educating our youth in the various aspects of marriage, from the emotional, psychological and sexual points of view . . .

2. That a minimum age limit be set for marriage.

3. That a competent authority approve the marriage licence, after due interview with the two parties.

4. That a minimum period of time be set between the declaration of intention and the actual marriage.

5. That a competent authority examine grounds for divorce and allow a cooling off or re-adjustment period between the declaration of intention and the actual divorce.

6. That when a divorce is necessary, it be granted with the least possible fuss and inconvenience.

Ottawa COSTA KANELLAKOS

Propaganda and Art

MR. GOODRIDGE MACDONALD asks if art can be produced for the sake of ethical or political principles. In other words, I suppose, can propaganda—in its root sense—be art?

George Jean Nathan, a brilliant critic who has never shown any sign of personal interest in politics, wrote once that a propaganda play could well be a great play, and gave Euripides' *The Trojan Women* as an example.

I can think of many other great or good plays more recent, such as Ibsen's *Ghosts*, Shaw's *Back to Methuselah*, Thurber's and Nugent's *The Male Animal*, Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*. The aim of the latter two, for instance, is at least in part to present a vigorous dramatic argument for freedom of thought and speech. To me and to most critics they are none the less art for that. And without freedom of thought and speech art would languish, as it does in the Soviet Union today.

To me, art is at its greatest and noblest when it is saying something fresh and stirring and important to our lives. To others, that is not so. But in both cases it is the way it is shaped or misshaped, not its content, which makes it art.

Ottawa PAUL A. GARDNER

A Word for Omar

IN YOUR Backward Glance (Sept. 26), do you not underrate Fitzgerald's translation of the *Rubaiyat*? . . . If Andrew Lang (of all critics) could affirm that its popularity became a sort of badge of literary snobbery (which may have been true in some cases), it was not his real opinion of the verses you deplore. See his *Letters to Dead Authors*, page 127, and read his delightful 18 stanzas, in Omar's own character, one of which was in part,

He knew the secret: we have none that knows,
No man so sure as Omar once was sure.

. . . Perhaps for once a real sermon, with rich poetry and easy sense, reached multitudes of the common mind—the "half literate."

Guelph, Ont. REUBEN BUTCHART

The Field Reversed

HAVING RECENTLY completed and mounted a piece of (needlepoint) tapestry, containing the Ontario and Quebec coat-of-arms, I received quite a shock when I read the statement to the effect that Quebec "has gold maple leaves on a green field and Ontario has green leaves on gold." I scurried to consult my authorities and was relieved to find that the exact opposite is the case, and my tapestry isn't at fault.

Whitby, Ont. CONSTANCE K. SISSONS

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Traditional Challenge for the U.S. Courts

By MAX FREEDMAN

THE DEATH of Chief Justice Vinson and the appointment of Governor Warren of California as his successor has once again brought the Supreme Court of the United States into the centre of public attention. No other tribunal can rival its power or surpass its range of jurisdiction.

Mr. Truman appointed four men to the Court. His first choice was Mr. Justice Burton who replaced Mr. Justice Roberts on his retirement. Until the Warren appointment, Mr. Justice Burton was the only Republican member; but everyone recognized that it would be unwise to make him Chief Justice. Mr. Vinson became Chief Justice in 1946, succeeding Harlan Fiske Stone, a jurist who belonged to the noble tradition of American law. Mr. Truman appointed Mr. Justice Clark and Mr. Justice Minton to fill the Rutledge and Murphy vacancies in 1949. Except for the Burton appointment, none of the men chosen by Mr. Truman had the stature of his predecessor.

It is important to realize that the Supreme Court now works in diminished glory. The great days of Hughes and Holmes, of Brandeis and Stone and Cardozo are gone. Chief Justice Vinson owed his appointment less to his legal eminence than to his gifts for conciliation. The decorum of the Court had been darkened by a feud between Mr. Justice Black and Mr. Justice Jackson. Nor was Mr. Justice Douglas without his moments of impatience. Other quarrels smouldered in the temple of justice. Chief Justice Vinson came to the Court to produce something more than reluctant harmony from a team of difficult colleagues. It is one measure of his achievement that the Court during his tenure was unmarked by the bitterness of earlier years. These differences, though suppressed, still remain; and they form a serious charge upon Chief Justice Warren's ability.

Once President Eisenhower decided to go beyond the present membership of the Court, certain clear issues faced him as he pondered the choice of a new Chief Justice. Governor Dewey never was interested. The two Cabinet Ministers, Mr. Dulles and Mr. Brownell, would have liked this crown to their career, but not at this time. Retirement at this stage from the political arena might have been taken as a sign of failure. That shifted the choice, for the time being, to a number of Republican judges now serving on the federal courts. Two of them, Judge Parker of the Court of Appeals in North Carolina, and Chief Justice Vanderbilt of New Jersey had many claims which, on a purely legal test, surpassed those of Mr. Warren. But other facts counted against them. Two years ago Judge Parker cast the deciding vote in his court in favor of segregation. President Eisenhower could hardly agree with this decision; and the Parker appointment would have sent a wave of violent criticism against the White House. Chief Justice Vanderbilt has a penetrating mind but he is too closely identified with the traditional outlook of Republican lawyers to satisfy President Eisenhower. The most famous of living American judges, Mr. Justice Learned Hand, could not be given the position because of his advanced age. So the choice fell on Governor Warren.

In Washington, students of the Court have a divided mind on the chances of success that await the Chief Justice. Some regret the fact that he comes to

Miller Services

CHIEF JUSTICE WARREN

his new duties without previous experience on the bench. Others say it is much better to have an open-minded and generous-hearted man like Governor Warren, with an ability to learn from experience, than a legal expert grown stiff in the worship of Republican dogma. Certainly there can be no doubt of the fund of goodwill and confidence which he inherits. His confirmation by the Senate will be easily secured.

President Eisenhower praised Governor Warren for having social and political views which resemble his own. Three times he was elected Governor of California even though there are more registered Democrats than Republicans in that state. Governor Warren shares President Eisenhower's views on the restraints which hedge the vast powers of the Presidency. For example, he was opposed to President Truman's seizure of the steel mills last year as a violation of the Constitution. He believes that the rights of the states were invaded during the Democratic era to increase the federal power. As one token of the new spirit he applauds President Eisenhower's decision to return the off-shore oil to the states.

Governor Warren's political career rests on his success while Attorney-General of California. During his ten years as Governor, he signed more than 10,000 bills, not one of which was ever upset in the courts for constitutional reasons. He first made a national impact as a lawyer by the zeal and energy with which he opposed President Roosevelt's plan in 1937 to reform the federal judiciary.

By the way, Mr. Justice Jackson has cause to remember that distant quarrel. As Solicitor-General he took perhaps the foremost part in urging Roosevelt's reforms upon a reluctant and ultimately hostile Congress. The memory of that controversy, if nothing else, served to disqualify Mr. Justice Jackson from promotion to the leadership of the Supreme Court.

Long before he became a great creative member of the Supreme Court and while he still was the glory of the Harvard Law School, Mr. Justice Frankfurter passed in review the various men who have sat on the Supreme Court since John Jay became the first Chief Justice in 1789. He found a goodly number of intellectual distinction but less than a half dozen really worthy of being called towering figures. He instanced Marshall, the creative statesman; Story, a scholar of vast learning; Taney who adapted the Constitution to the emerging forces of modern economic society; Holmes, the philosopher become king; and Brandeis, the master of fact as the basis of social insight. On this shining list only two men—Marshall and Taney—were Chief Justices. It would be a reckless prophet who would predict that Chief Justice Warren would one day be found among these immortals. But he can give eminently useful service even if he misses this ultimate distinction.

Miller Services

THE U.S. SUPREME COURT building at Washington.

For many years the Supreme Court met in the old Senate chamber which once held the reverberating eloquence of Henry Clay and the massive wisdom of Daniel Webster. Now it meets in a marble palace that cost more than $9 million to build. "It's the sort of grandeur," a lawyer once complained, "that a king might want who was afraid he didn't look like a king at all unless he had a crown." With even more mordant phrase Chief Justice Stone described the ritual of the judges coming to their great bench like nine black beetles in the temple of Karnak. That temple, you will remember, was an extravagant symbol of Egyptian grandeur. The greatness of the Supreme Court consists not in its trappings of beauty nor symbols of power but in the wisdom which glorifies a decree and makes justice the companion of mercy.

Among the things which Canadians often find it hard to understand, when they contemplate the history of the Supreme Court, is the respect which Americans show to dissenting opinions. Even the present Chief Justice of Canada, on one occasion, thought it expedient to criticize this tendency of the American Supreme Court to hand down decisions with a strong minority ranged against the majority. He thought the authority of the Court would be enhanced if it could restrain this impulse to disagree. Very early in the Court's history an attempt was made, under the splendid name of Chief Justice Marshall, to achieve this uniformity. For a time he read all the judgments, even those with which he disagreed himself. Even his prestige,

however, proved unable to stay the current of dissent, which has since grown in volume and force.

The prestige of a dissent on the Supreme Court can be measured by the description which confers upon these minority opinions concurrent jurisdiction over the future. "A dissent," said Chief Justice Hughes, "is an appeal to the brooding spirit of the law, to the intelligence of a future day, when a later decision may possibly correct the error into which the dissenting judge believes the Court to have been betrayed. Nor is this appeal always in vain. In a number of cases dissenting opinions have in time become the law." The tradition of dissent is too firmly rooted and enjoys too much respect, in the United States, if not in Canada, to be reversed or modified at this late hour.

A problem which is far more interesting to a Canadian observer than the necessity of dissent is the question of how the Supreme Court achieved its great power of judicial review in a constitution which prides itself on maintaining an equipoise between all its parts. Something must be wrong with the celebrated theory of checks and balances when a majority on the Court, in the early days of the New Deal, could reverse many of the statutes which had enabled President Roosevelt, with the consent of Congress and the approval of the overwhelming majority of the nation, to fight the depression by bold new measures.

When Gladstone described the American constitution as "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man" he spoke as if this document had been called into being at one stroke by the aroused intelligence of the political convention. Gladstone would have been saved from that error, and many misconceptions would have been spared the English-speaking world, if he had known more American history. If Gladstone's approach is correct, then it is safe to say that no express provision was made for the powers later embraced by the Supreme Court. But the constitution embodies, in many of its essential provisions, principles and phrases and practices already familiar to the Americans in their various state charters. In fact, the federal constitution as we know it now would have had little chance of working so well if it had not continued a tradition already domiciled on this continent. Now in those state constitutions, the power of judicial review was a familiar feature, and many American experts say that it always was inherent in the federal constitution that the same powers should be exercised when the national interest so demanded.

"No conviction is deeper in my mind," said Daniel Webster, " than that the maintenance of the judicial power is essential and indispensable to the very being of this government. The constitution, without it, would be no constitution—the government, no government. By the absolute necessities of the case, the members of the Supreme Court become judges of the extent of constitutional powers." Well, what seemed so clear to Webster stands hardly so plain on the pages of American history. It was left for Chief Justice Marshall to make this latent power of the constitution a living and perpetual force, and he did so as much by the reserve with which he applied the doctrine of judicial review in practice as by the intellectual vigor with which he defined this power as a matter of constitutional right. He shared the interpretation of the constitution associated with the name of Alexander Hamilton rather than with Thomas Jefferson; that is he believed more in federal power than in states rights; during the presidency of Jefferson he was often in conflict with the White House. But during his long tenure as Chief Justice, which lasted more than thirty years, he added so much power and prestige to the Court that it later, in other hands, could be used to set at naught the declared objectives of a President and the matured decisions of Congress.

In fact, however, no act of Congress was invalidated until the Dred Scott case in 1857, one of the events which helped cause the Civil War. The Supreme Court, in its first seventy years, set aside only two acts of Congress. In the next seventy it threw out fifty-eight statutes. Between 1920-30 it set aside nineteen acts of Congress. Then, in three years, from 1933-36 when the battle with President Roosevelt was at its height, it invalidated twelve acts of Congress, some of them embodying the major purposes of the New Deal.

President Roosevelt failed to reform the Court as he wished but it was soon possible, due to retirement and the changed views of two justices, to have opinions which no longer outraged the nation's sense of what was right and necessary. Since that controversy, the Supreme Court has often had occasion to rule that Congress has exceeded its powers in passing certain legislation but it has never abused its power of review and hence this disputed authority is no longer a subject of vehement debate.

As everyone knows, one of the greatest tasks which will face the Supreme Court at this session will be the question of segregation. Under the guidance of Chief Justice Vinson, the Supreme Court avoided this issue while making many decisions which resulted in practical gains for Negroes. The Court ruled, for example, that it was necessary for southern states to provide facilities for colored students equal to those enjoyed by white students. Since it was beyond the budget of many of these states to build separate but equal colleges for their Negro students, they were compelled at long last to admit colored students. But the ending of segregation will be a very different matter. Governor Byrnes and Governor Talmadge have warned that they will close the public schools of South Carolina and Georgia before they will admit colored students as of right to these institutions. This threat has echoes in other states.

When Chief Justice Warren surveys the cases that face him this term, he will find no more exacting problem than this in terms of law, no more penetrating problem in terms of humanity.

Cockles, Menhirs and Café Exprès

AFTER A PROLONGED bout of staying in Canada, my information about the rest of the world rationed by the local press and the high cost of even a week-end in Seattle, I'd begun to accept, not too happily, the current notion that there are now only two worlds: the free twentieth-century Americanized one, and the chained twentieth-century Russianized one. A few months in western Europe have made me suspect that there are still some human pockets of resistance, where people are not at all sure how modern they want to be and are in the meantime quite determined to go on being themselves. Now that I'm bedded down in a south Breton sardine harbor, I'm quite sure of this.

The bed, I admit, is not one of those famous wall-cupboard affairs, encased in geometrically carved oak, in which Bretons used to sleep; those are all, so far as I can discover, with the spinning wheels, in museums or antique stores or providing local color in hotel lobbies. Nor is it a soft Canadian bed. It's a lumpy object, vintage perhaps 1890, and it slumps on bare boards in a room not much bigger than itself, a shuttered cave hung with assorted patches of cracked wallpaper. There is, in addition, a chipped wash-bowl and cold-water pitcher, a few loose hooks and a clouded mirror. The uncertain toilet is down three dark flights and the bath is in the sea.

I mention these details at the start because I don't want anyone to think that the Breton's compromise between a Celtic past and a possibly atomic future is always a beautiful and a comfortable one. But it's an adjustment which I find gentle to the pocketbook and stiffening to the spirit.

LA TRINITE-SUR-MER, my sardine port, for example. When I push back the creaky shutters of my pint-sized room, I look across a flagstone quai to an emerald harbor and a typical Breton mélange of ships, fishing smacks with white hulls and orange sails; snarling outboard motorboats; yachts; and one far-off mysterious craft with a deep-blue sail, looking as if it might have been the one that carried Tristan to that second Iseult, Iseult of Brittany.

And however lightless and steep my stairway, at the bottom is a friendly *patron* and a clean paper-covered table heaped with the un-American and un-Sovietized food of Brittany. For *grand déjeuner* there will be, to start with, dew-fresh Cancalaise oysters and crisp shrimps, or half a crab and a bowl of steamed mussels—and don't let any odd Canadian inhibition prevent you from sampling all of them or the raw cockles either. Then a whole butter-cooked sole or whiting. With these you should drink, for an extra twenty cents, a carafe of muscadet, dry and white, Brittany's only wine, yet somehow exactly suited to its sea-foods. And after, because you've had only coffee and bread for breakfast four or five hours ago, you'll still be able to knock off a chop, festooned with young St. Malo potatoes, followed with a bit of salad, a touch of Camembert, and some fresh Plougastel strawberries (big as plums but as savory as the little wild ones on the roadside).

True, it's now an hour and a half since you sat down, the time is two in the afternoon, and you are of little use for anything but that slanting upstairs bed. If you are a Breton, you'll consent to sleep the next hour away, and go back to weeding cabbage-sized artichokes or hauling nets till nearly eight o'clock. Then you'll have another meal as big and as long, and climb back into bed until six the next morning. But being a tourist you try to battle out of torpor into the sunshine or the moonlight by means of a *café exprès.*

The *café exprès* is the mass-producing twentieth-century's gift to the gastronomy of France. It is neither express nor, by North American standards, coffee, but it will wake you up, even if only by enraging you. It is a lukewarm black fluid that filters, drop by bitter drop, into the bottom section of a complicated metal apparatus, a gleaming gadget which is produced in astronomic quantities and possessed by even the smallest café in the remotest French village. In Brittany, however, it is tackled solely by tourists, the only clients willing to throw away half an hour's good sleeping time waiting for the filter to drip.

Of course, if you want hot *café au lait,* a room-with-bath and a Cosmopolitan Atmosphere, you have only to shift a couple of miles to one of the hotels on the white sands of Carnac Plage, which is almost as modern and expensive as plush North American resorts. But I like it in La Trinité. I like the fact that my total bill at the end of a month will be less than a hundred dollars, and that I can walk out the back door of my hotel-pension into the streets too narrow for even a French motorist to go worming or blasting his way up.

It's true that once, when I strolled round the fig-shaded corner of the ancient Calvary-hung graveyard, I was almost run over by a red-faced nun from the nearby convent, charging downhill in her 1953 motocyclette. But that is because I had for the moment forgotten what I have been saying, that Brittany has made its own compromise between the past and the future.

A few steps farther, I was reminded again of that compromise when I came abreast of the memorial to the village dead, *les enfants* of World War One. A granite shaft bears the usual plaque of a suffering soldier upheld by a very French angel. But the top of the shaft is cut off flat, and surmounting it is a six-foot pagan menhir, a rough lichen-yellowed stone that had been hewed and planted nearby four thousand years ago by neolithic men pursuing some uncommunicated pattern of tomb-building and sun-placation; a stone of worship, nonetheless, and of reverence for the dead. The Bretons do not feel anything strange about uprooting a megalith to crown a twentieth-century war memorial.

EARLE BIRNEY

If Memory Serves

The Tired Radical

MEMORY IS AN ODD thing when it comes to remembering people's names. Although I can still remember that Jones and Peabody were two Minneapolis stamp collectors who shared a dining table with me on the *Berengaria* in 1937 between New York and Cherbourg, I've forgotten hundreds of others whom I met and lived with for much longer periods since. One name that I have never forgotten is that of a little guy called Reid whom I met sixteen years ago.

I met him during the Spanish Civil War while we were both taking a field-telephone course in Albacete, the headquarters of the International Brigades. This field-telephone course consisted mainly of filing the rust from thousands of water-logged army telephone sets that had been recovered from the bottom of Barcelona harbor following the sinking of a French supply ship.

He was a completely unprepossessing little man, then about forty-five years old, who claimed to be Irish, but could have belonged to any of the Anglo-Celtic nationalities. Just before the time I met him he had been living in the United States. He wore an ill-fitting uniform and steel-rimmed glasses, and had the sharp, lined face of a quizzical ferret. If I were asked to describe him in a nutshell, I would call him a "Bughouse Square radical", Bughouse Square being the Chicago equivalent of Hyde Park Corner, where the soap-box orators, present-day Platos and the last of the Single Taxers hang out.

On our second morning at the course in the Caserne Posada, where we were billeted, he sidled up to me, in the manner of the dirty-postcard sellers outside Notre Dame, and said, "These Comicals are nuts!"

"Comicals?" I asked.

"Sure. The Red Rotarians—the Communists."

As far as I was concerned at that time the Communists were above reproach, and hearing them called "Comicals" was like listening to someone blaspheme in church. I tried to draw away from him, afraid of being accused of collusion (guilt by association had not yet been invented by Sen. McCarthy), for the Communist authorities in Spain made short work of heretics. He stuck with me, however.

"Are you a Commie?" he asked me.

"No, but I'm a sympathizer," I answered.

"Why? You look too intelligent," he said.

It was flattering of him to say so, but I got away from him without further talk, and avoided him for the rest of the day.

The next night Albacete was subjected to its first bombing by the Italians, and along with the rest of the population, including all the Headquarters personnel, I found myself lying in a field at the edge of town wishing devoutly we had some anti-aircraft guns. My friend of the morning before found me and struck up our conversation where I had ended it the day before.

"Why did you come to Spain?" he asked.

I gave him the usual answer about anti-fascism, the plight of the Republicans, youthful adventurism, etc.

"I'm glad you didn't come because you want to save Russia," he said.

"Most of the Comrades believe they are saving Russia by being here," he went on. "They don't care about the Spanish people. Look what they did to the workers in Catalonia." He was referring to the bloody suppression of a revolt by the Anarcho-Syndicalist unions in that province.

"They were Trotskyites," I prated, giving the stock answer of the day.

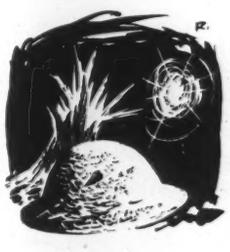
"Bah!" Reid shouted. "Don't fall for that stuff. Don't let them make you into a rubber stamp!"

He was to repeat those words many times during the next few days. He did not try to proselytize me, but concentrated on trying to make me think things out for myself. It was a losing fight. I was so certain that the Communists were right and everyone else was wrong, that nothing would have changed my mind, then.

During our conversations I learned a great deal about Reid. He had been sent to Spain as the first member of what was to have been an American Socialist brigade, the Eugene Debs Column. As far as I know he was the only one who got there, for the Communists prevented any others from entering the country. He had been an IWW organizer in his younger days, and he still carried the Red Card, emblematic of the old Industrial Workers of the World.

During the day while we scraped mud from the useless telephones, and in the evenings while we walked through the streets of the town, he told me of his adventures with the Wobblies. He spoke of Big Bill Haywood, and of his own participation in the Seattle General Strike of 1919, and of organizing the Colorado miners during the twenties. To a fervent young radical of twenty-four, his adventures bordered on the fabulous, yet had the sanctity of a crusade.

Our arguments of those days seem



fantastic to me today, and it is only while writing this that I recall once again such left-wing terms as "economic determinism", "dictatorship of the proletariat" or "the theory of surplus value". Remembering them now is as distastefully embarrassing as remembering the words of a love letter written twenty years before.

Yet all our conversations were not of politics. He was one of the best read men I have ever met, and his erudition was that of the library browser rather than of the formally educated man. He told me once that he had spent every day for six months in the reading rooms of the New York Public Library "brushing up", as he called it, on the German philosophers. His knowledge of American literature was phenomenal, and he could quote Hawthorne and Melville by the page. He asked me once if I had ever read *Jurgen*, and when I admitted that I had not, he said, "James Branch Cabell is the only Twentieth Century American writer who will become immortal."

Another time he told me that he had served in the First World War with the 4th Canadian Mounted Rifles, as a signalman. It was this martial background that had caused him to take the "field telephone course". As a matter of fact, he was the only one of the twenty or more of us taking it who knew anything at all about field telephones.

His opposition to the Communists was as undeviating as it was foolish. When I would accuse him of being a Trotskyite, he would fix me with a scornful stare and say, "I hate the Trotskyites only slightly less than I hate the Orthodox Commies. I have never had any use for either Mr. Bronstein (Trotsky) or Mr. Two-gash-willy (Stalin) since the days of the Russian naval revolt at Kronstadt."

ALTHOUGH I would have refused to believe it at the time, many members of the Brigades were shot for far less provocative ideas than Reid advocated. Although he was serving in a Communist army and was surrounded by the most rabid and bigoted members of the Communist internationale, these things did not stop him from giving vent vocally to his disgust with their inefficiency and hypocrisy.

Things came to a head one morning when we were ordered to form up in the courtyard of the *caserne* to listen to a lecture from our senior officer, a man of undetermined Central European origin. This worthy, wearing highly-polished riding boots, Sam Browne belt, and carrying a very unrevolutionary briefcase, stepped forward and began haranguing us in several languages in rotation, none of them English.

Reid spoke up. "Let's hear what you have to say in English!" he shouted.

"Englitsch! Englitsch!" the officer exclaimed. An interpreter stepped forward and explained that there were two English comrades in the ranks.

"Ah, so!" He gave us a very halting résumé of his speech to date, which was full, among other things, of revolutionary urgings to fight to the death against world Fascism, to believe in

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the glory of the Soviet Union, and trust in the wisdom of Comrade Stalin. When he was finished he glanced at Reid and me for approbation. Reid shook his head from side to side in a gesture that is negative in all languages. The officer called to the interpreter, and they spoke together for a minute or two in German. When they were finished the interpreter said to Reid, "Are you a member of the Party?"

"No."

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm a member of the world proletariat."

"But what party do you belong to?"

"None. I'm an anti-authoritarian."

I tried to pretend that I'd never laid eyes on him before. Telling a Communist officer that you were anti-authoritarian was like telling your father confessor that you didn't believe in God.

The officer was nonplussed, and he conferred with the interpreter again who repeated the question and received the same answer from Reid. He decided to ignore the unheard-of apostasy for the time being and went on with his speech.

I was sent back to the infantry that night, fully expecting never to lay eyes on Reid again. His last words to me were, "Don't forget to read *Jurgen*, and learn to think for yourself."

Three months later we were coming out of the line, our place being taken by a French brigade. I noticed a familiar figure plodding along the ditch unreeling telephone wire.

"Hey, Reid!" I shouted.

He straightened up and gave me a wave and a grin.

"I see you're still with the telephones!" I shouted.

He nodded. Then he cupped his hands and shouted, "Have you read *Jurgen*?"

"Yes!"

He gave a satisfied nod, and went back to his wire-laying.

Long after I reached home I read a short item in the paper telling of a man named Reid, former International Brigade soldier who was travelling back and forth across the Atlantic, being refused admittance by both Eire and the United States. As they do in all these cases, the newspapers dubbed him "The Man Without A Country". The Communists, who were powerful and vociferous at the time, made no move to help him; there was no picketing or plea by the International Labor Defence; to them he was just a cypher.

I remembered him saying that morning in Albacete, "I have no party; I'm an anti-authoritarian," and I like to think of him as being one of the last of the native American radicals, who owed allegiance to nobody but themselves.

The next I read of him he had been given asylum in Cuba, and for all I know he's there yet. He taught me two things which I still believe: to think things out for myself, and to stand up for my convictions. The only thing he told me, that I don't believe, is that James Branch Cabell is a literary immortal. Have you read Cabell lately?

HUGH GARNER

•

October

An exclamation mark of startled crimson,
A yellow candle, warm and bright and still,
The silent shafts of birches lifted skyward
Against the copper glory of a hill:

A sudden splash of scarlet by the roadside,
The poplar spending all its hoarded gold—
October's brave battalions flaunt their banners
In mediaeval pageantry unrolled.

The very air is tinged with quiet brightness,
The sunlight slants athwart a living sea
Of ochre, umber, orange, burnt sienna;
The woods are rich with autumn tapestry.

BETTY BEALEY

•

Top Billing

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Are all so grave,
How dare they grieve
For troubles they've
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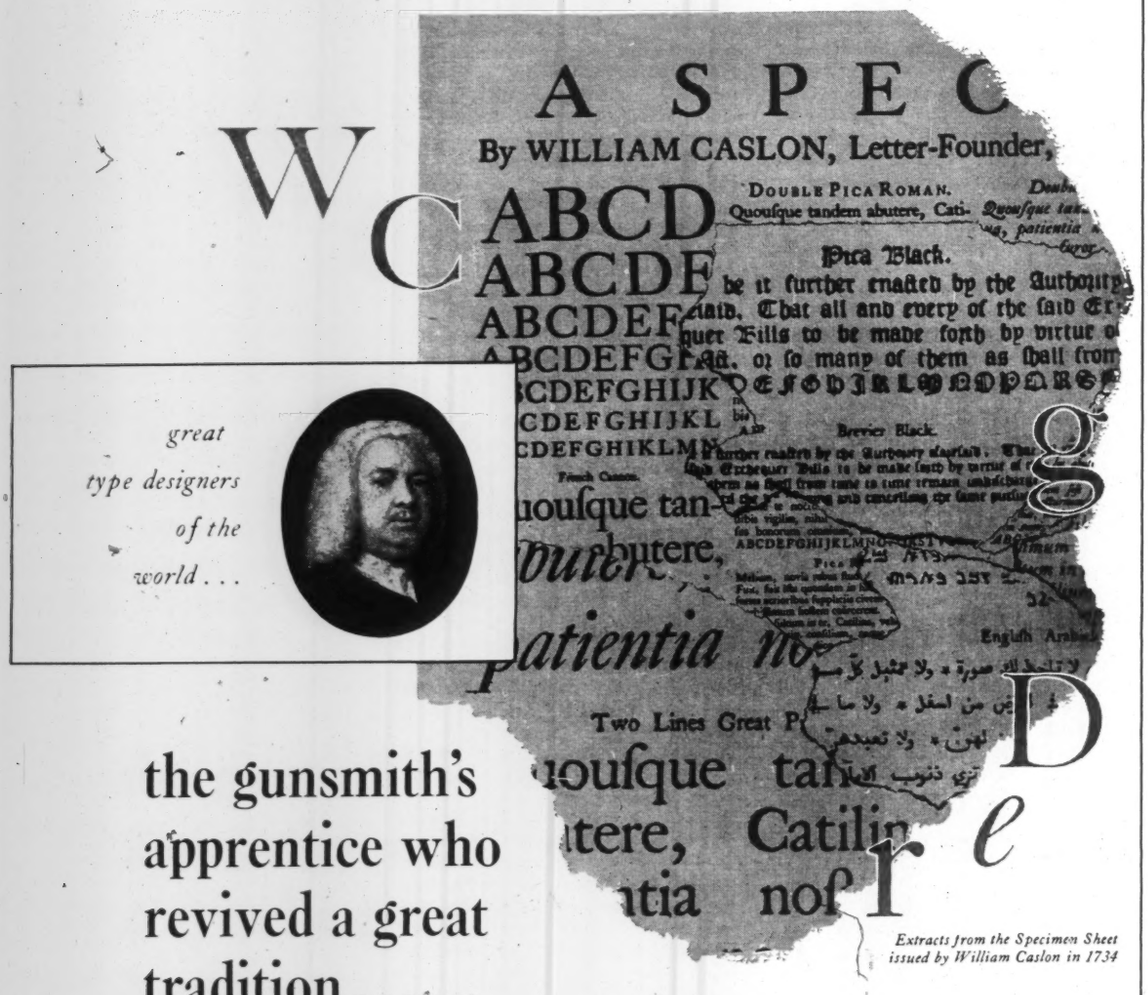

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Extracts from the Specimen Sheet issued by William Caslon in 1734

WILLIAM CASLON: 1692-1766

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The headings on this page are set in Caslon Bold, the body in Caslon Old Style Roman.

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The Social Scene

The Innocents Abroad

ABOUT A YEAR AGO, 29 men from the 27th Canadian Infantry Brigade Group converged on a beer hall in Bergen, Germany, barred the exit, and opened a second front with a Donnybrook worthy of Lower Saxon legend. Chairs, tables, windows and even the stairs were smashed, and no German of fighting age got away unharmed. Here in Canada, newsmen heard that our troops were being attacked by young German thugs, some of them swinging bicycle chains. The troops had decided the attacks in Bergen were organized. Resentment had reached its climax in the beer hall.

I was thinking of this incident, and what deeper reasons there must have been for its happening, as I made my way to Europe. You go from London's mammoth Liverpool Street station to Harwich, then overnight across the vagrant Channel and emerge in the morning, amid the red tape and the stale coffee, on the jetty at the Hook of Holland. Everything is militarized, with the efficiency taken out.

Your tickets are stamped, torn and traded for other tickets and metal discs and landing cards; your baggage is lost, and found, and checked, and written upon, and lost again; whatever money you have is taken away and replaced with the ubiquitous "BAF" (British armed forces currency). Your passport is examined; all your moles and birthmarks counted; you are invited to disclose whether your parents ever had saddle-burns, influenza, beriberi or galloping bots. In my case an emergency arises because my passport shows that I was stamped in to Honolulu in 1948 but never stamped out; I explain with prodigious patience and faltering Dutch that I must have left Honolulu because here I am, and gradually the authorities concur in this logic and everybody laughs, and I am lawfully treading the battle-scarred soil of Europe.

This is the way most of our Brigade replacements go to Europe: Harwich to the Hook of Holland; from the Hook by military train, loaded with German baggage of bleached straw and vulcanized fibreboard, eastward past Arnhem and Nijmegen; over the border at Emmerich; across the workshop Ruhr; past Essen and Dortmund, Hamm and Bielefeld; past Minden, and into Lower Saxony and the rubble-strewn city of Hanover.

All Europe is regulated, filled out in triplicate, bound and tied tight in red tape. To Europeans, it is part of living. There is nothing like it in Canada, though we are headed that way. This is our first innocence in Europe, innocence of regulation.

Our second innocence you might as well call political. The 27th Brigade Group, which is a sort of miniature division, is the northern anchor of NATO's eastern defence line. It is stationed in the British Zone on the plains of Lüneburg Heath, 60 or so miles from the heavily armored Russians at the zonal border. Its strategic position, plus the fact that it is a NATO formation and not an occupation army, enforces greater denials on the 27th than on most troops in Germany. Moreover, the Hanoverians are probably the haughtiest and most nationalistic of all Germans. They make little distinction between occupation and NATO troops. Simply because they are foreigners in uniform, Canadians are treated by many Germans with chill and resentment.

The Germans I met were coolly cordial. Language I found no barrier: in fact, the effort to understand me seemed to bring the Germans closer, though I confess that is a funny reason for a serviceman, who is going to be in Germany for a year or two, not learning enough of the language to get by.

They very seldom talk politics, but when they do, it is to say that war is coming and that it will be fought in Germany. They are as dispassionate about this as they are about thunderstorms or the changing seasons: they prefer the sun to shine, but if it rains there is little you can do except take out your umbrella—or move to a better climate. That, figuratively, is what the Germans are trying to do.

It is at this point that many young Canadians run smack into Communism, mirthless, crooked, but virile. The Germans in Hanover look upon our 5,000 to 6,000-man Brigade as a drop in the bucket. They used to see nearly that many brawling German sergeants downtown on a Saturday night. They are used to big armies. The more efficient we become in training—and NATO officers say our 27th is fighting fit and the equal of any formation in Europe—the more the Germans compare our strength with what they suspect is 60 miles to the east. Some of them think they are playing it safe; they fatalistically accept the inevitability of another war, and they are putting their deutschmarks on the Russians. Others hate Communism, but think that the main burden of any fighting will have to be borne by German soldiers. And all of them want a Germany made whole again. The Canadians are in the middle of this—Communism, nationalism, fatalism and a dozen other isms—and they are political babes in the woods.

The third innocence we have in Germany is social. Hanover's half-a-million population maintains a municipal opera, a municipal theatre, a ballet company, two symphony orchestras, and also 180 night spots, most of them open to four or five o'clock in the morning or until the last sodden patron goes home. Canadian money, converted into deutschmarks at the rate of four for a dollar, goes a long

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way by Canadian standards, and there is also a longer way to go.

Our troops go to town—Hanover's attractions are much too close for ideal military location—with more money in their pockets than most Germans have seen in years; they find the people, particularly the better-class young women, stand-offish; they feel left out of things, away from home and their loved ones, baffled by the proximity but deathly silence of the Russians, baffled by the language, baffled by the job they are supposed to do; there are traps, too—street-walkers galore, easy morals, beer for sale in every block. If the Brigade were a typical wartime cross-section of Canadian manhood, there would probably be little trouble. But it isn't. Many of the first men we sent to Germany had been only half-way through public school. They had no intellectual resources to fall back on. What happened at first, however unfortunate, was probably inevitable, and the politicians at home, who engineered the hasty recruiting after formation of the Brigade was announced on May 4, 1951, must bear a large part of the blame. They were, indeed, sending innocents abroad.

Most of that has happily changed, or is changing. That is why it is unfair and misleading for a few reporters to visit the Brigade briefly and then report the juicy trivia some people at home like to slobber over. The important thing, and the thing worth reporting, is the tremendous improvement in the morale of our troops in Germany. They are getting on much better with the Germans. The Army has wisely let the uniform barrier down; men on leave are now allowed to wear civvies so they can lose their military identity among the Germans. A new plan is being slowly worked out to allow officers and men to take their wives and families to Germany under certain conditions of service. Discipline has been tightened with the handful of really "bad eggs". The men are settling in. We made a poor start, in some ways disgraceful, but conditions are improving every day.

Life in Germany has been hard on our troops. It has been hard because, in the midst of free-wheeling European social life and the endless labyrinth of European politics, the men we catapulted onto the Lüneburg Heath were, in truth, innocents abroad.

EDMUND MORRIS

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•

A bachelor about town is taking a lot of joshing these days about his latest cooking venture. Recently he set about with great gusto to whip up an angel food cake, his first. After soiling every utensil available and ready to mix his creation, it didn't seem to look as directions indicated it should. When he called in a neighbor for help, she immediately asked, looking at the recipe, "did you add one cup and two tablespoons of water?" "Good heavens," exclaimed the bachelor, "I only put in two tablespoons and when I couldn't figure what was wrong, threw in a couple of eggwhites." Disdaining any further aid, he added the rest of the water and popped his mixture proudly into the oven. Minutes later he again called the neighbor. She was greeted by the sight of cake running out of the oven, into the utility drawer below, and all over the floor. In the midst of this mess the bachelor was unveiling his monumental achievement. As he opened the oven door with a flourish, the odor of burnt cake filled the room and the cake itself emerged looking sadly like an overgrown and soggy pancake. Kindly the neighbor offered to clean up while he took a stroll to cool off.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Pomerantz are vacationing at Scaroon Manor, Schroon Lake, NY.—*Toronto Daily Star.*

There's more to that recipe than meets the eye.

•

Winnipeg (CP)—Henceforth customers of Winnipeg hydro will ped in the mailbox by messenger, ciencysu rvey, noting that hydro was just about out of envelopes, estimated that elimination of envelopes would save $5,500 annually. —*Regina Leader-Post.*

We doubt if it will work.

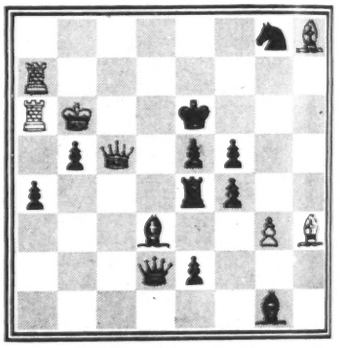
Chess Problem

BLACK ROOK action in the two-mover is a considerable and important subject. In consideration of the main branch, the Rook is prominent in objective interferences on the black Queen and Bishop, and in subjective interferences by all black pieces except the unpinned Queen.

In the case of the Bishop, this leads on to the combination of the two. This popular mutual interference of Rook and Bishop was dubbed Nowotny interference by J. Kohtz, when a white piece is sacrificed on the square of mutual interference, and Grimshaw interference without recourse to the sacrifice. Kohtz supposed Nowotny and Grimshaw to be responsible for the pioneer examples, though the Nowotny dates back to Brede, Turton and Kempe prior to Nowotny's more celebrated problem. The doubling of the Grimshaw by Sam Loyd in his famous Organ Pipes, is one of the earliest examples of the cumulative spirit.

Problem No. 36, by A. Ellerman

Black—Twelve Pieces.



White—Seven Pieces.
White to play, mate in two.

First, in respect of objective black R interferences, unless pinned, the R can interfere only with the powers of the B, or similarly the diagonal powers of the black Q. When pinned, the R can interfere with any of the black pieces except the Kt. Blocking of the black King is not being considered.

No. 36 above is a beautiful example without the pinning. Ellerman is also responsible for a pinned example:

White: K on QB6; Q on QKt1; Rs on QR4 and KR3; Bs on QR8 and QB3; Kts on K5 and K6; Ps on QB7, KB6 and KKt4. Black: K on K5; Q on Q6; Rs on QKt5 and Q7; B on KKt8; Kt on QKt7; Ps on QKt3, K2 and K7. Mate in two.

1.Kt-B7, threat; 2.Kt(7)-Kt5 mate. If R-B5ch; 2.K-Kt5 mate. If R-Q5; 2.KxP mate. If B-K6; 2.Q-R1 mate. If PxP; 2.Kt-Q6 mate.

It will be seen that Ellerman has recourse to a royal battery in both examples, one lateral and the other diagonal.

Solution of Problem No. 35.

Key-move 1.Kt-Kt5, waiting. If KxR; 2.Q-B7 mate. If RxR; 2.Q-QB5 mate. If KtxR; 2.Q-B3 mate. If Kt(2) else; 2.Q-KB5 mate. If B-Kt3; 2.R-Q6 mate. If B-R4; 2.Q-R2 mate. If B else; 2.Kt-B7 mate. If Kt(7) any; 2.Kt-B4 mate.

"CENTAUR"

Foreign Affairs

A Bridge Between Germany and France

SAARBRUECKEN: I arrived in Saarbruecken just as *Gone With the Wind* finally reached the local cinema. It is not a bad symbol. Gone with the wind were the political fevers which wracked this small borderland the last time I was here, in 1934. That was just before the famous plebiscite, which gave Hitler his first big victory in foreign policy. In my compartment, coming into the Saar a couple of nights ago, was a woman who had come from Essen to vote in that plebiscite; others, she said, "came from as far as Canada."

The Nazis and the Nationalists strutted and threatened in those days, while their Social Democratic opponents huddled, defiant in obscure cafés. The outcome of the vote was a foregone conclusion: the people wanted to "go home to Germany." So they went, and so they had occasion to repeat bitterly, in 1945, Hitler's boast, "Give me ten years and you won't know the Saar!" As a good many Saarlanders told me, they had "had a noseful" of this kind of nationalism. The most important fact to be reported from the Saar today, as a new effort begins to reach a Franco-German settlement of the question, is that the ultra-nationalists do not want another plebiscite.

Before I left Bonn I went to see the people in the Ministry for All-German Affairs who had worked closely with the nationalists in whipping up all the agitation over the Saar elections last November. Far from taking their stand on the self-determination of peoples and demanding that the Saarlanders be allowed to show their desire to rejoin Germany in another plebiscite, they explain haltingly that the result of the plebiscite of 1935 still stands as the last legal expression of the will of the people. The present government of the *Bundesrepublik* (West Germany) is not empowered, they say, to make any disposition of the Saar; first there must be a reunion of Germany, and then an all-German Government can negotiate a general peace settlement, including a Saar settlement. Then, they add vaguely, there might be another plebiscite.

The German nationalist leaders in the Saar, Schneider and Becker, gave me this identical line, embroidering it with the complaints of police terror (though they pulled bitterly anti-Saar Government publications out of their desks), and of French infiltration of the railway service and the gendarmerie. The chief local newspaper, which pursues a policy of the Europeanization of the Saar, they said was "owned in the Quai d'Orsay" (the French foreign office). But they admitted that it would be very difficult to launch a new paper to compete with the *Saarbruecker Zeitung*, because it had such an old name, etc.

The second significant report from the Saar is that, in a population of just under a million, over 200,000 copies of this paper are sold. If the people didn't like its policy, they would shift to the other dailies, buy the available German papers on their newsstands or support a clandestine traffic in the forbidden, ultra-nationalist German papers which were shipped into the area in great numbers before last year's election.

Actually, I am ready to believe that the *Saarbruecker Zeitung* is an organ of French policy. Its publisher is, as he told me, a former Luxemburger who was with the French Maquis in the war. He was, and is, a strong Gaullist. He worked on a Strasbourg paper after the war. And then he turns up in Saarbruecken, with a paper with a circulation almost as big as that of any paper in Germany, building at the moment a big new addition to its plant, and planning a special economic section when the Schuman Coal and Steel Pool makes Saarbruecken its capital. I even met him in the office of the French High Commission, and we walked out the front door together. Yet 200,000 Saarlanders buy his paper.

The point here is, I believe, that French policy is presented as Saar policy and that most Saarlanders actually believe at present that this is the best policy for the Saar. Nor is a Luxemburger unsuited to the urging of autonomy for a small neighboring territory. There is absolutely no discernible French policy of annexing the Saar, and no "Frenchification" whatever is attempted. Except for the main railway station every last sign and advertisement and street name in the Saar is in German. Everybody talks German, even in the French High Commission office, from the doorman to the Information Officer, who startlingly resembles Hemingway.

This official in no way discouraged me in my intention to see the German nationalists, and I had no feeling when I went in or out of Schneider's door that I was watched by the *Deuxième Bureau*. There has been no attempt to deport or imprison Schneider and his colleagues. They are simply prevented from forming a nationalist political party. This is, as they cry, an infringement of normal democratic rights, but with the lesson of 1935-45 so fresh, it is an understandable measure of self-defence.

However, the French permit the elected Saarland leaders to go to the Council of Europe, speak for Saar autonomy in a European Union, and secure a star for the Saar on the newly-adopted European flag. And the *Saarbruecker Zeitung* never ceases to demand that the Saarlanders must sit in on any discussion of their fate by the French and German Governments.

French policy thus appears to be as effective as it is enlightened. The French do not try to pretend that they are uninterested. Their High Commissioner, somewhat misnamed "Ambassador", Gilbert Grandval, who has conducted their policy here ever since the war, contends openly that the French people could never be won to a reconciliation with Germany, after three invasions, unless they can be shown visible proof in the Saar of a real restitution and a real contribution to security. He is referring, of course, to the control the French have taken of the Saar coal mines and some of the steel mills for 50 years, as war reparations, and to their policy of keeping the Saar within the French economy and out of German control.

The Saar, says Grandval, must serve as the bridge between France and Germany, in building a European Union. Almost the whole of the latest number of the official organ of the French High Commission in the Saar is given over to explanation and praise of the latest proposal of the Dutch delegate, Van Naters, of the steps by which the Saar could be Europeanized. The Council of Europe approved this plan recently by a vote of 84 to 8.

I don't think that there can be any doubt that the Saar people would vote overwhelmingly for such a solution today, just as they indicated in the election last year. All the agitation from the German side of the border at that time, the personal intervention of the Social Democratic leader Ollenhauer and a pastoral letter from the Bishop of Trier only produced 20 per cent blank ballots supposed to be in favor of reunion with Germany.

IT IS NOT ONLY that the Saarlanders have been disillusioned of the high hopes they held of the last reunion with Germany. They have been living better than the Germans ever since the war, and still do. The Saar coal miners, who form the backbone of the working population, earn on the average half as much again as Ruhr miners. The nationalist woman from Essen admitted of her own free will that things were *ganz gut* in the Saar; and a still more nationalist priest with whom I had a long talk in a railway compartment praised the social policy and particularly the housing policy of the Saar Government as very generous.

This good living in the Saar is not a hand-out from the French. It is a natural result of the remarriage of Saar coal with Lorraine ore, and of the competitive advantage which the hard-working, non-striking Saarlanders enjoy within the French economy. They know perfectly well that it would be much tougher for them if they were suddenly switched over into the German economy, with its competition from huge, efficiently-run, enterprising firms, and they are not backward in saying so. Especially would this threaten the numerous new industries which have been set up in the Saar since the war, to diversify its one-shot economy and to take advantage of its competitive position within the French customs boundary.

I would think that only a revival of superheated nationalism would overwhelm this factor, which touches the livelihood of everyone in the Saar. It would be idle to deny that the people haven't their complaints about the present situation. They certainly do not like having to take out a French passport, even if it is rubber-stamped *"Saarois"*, to travel to Germany, or anywhere else outside the French Union. They would much rather buy German goods than French, for style, quality and price. Especially would they like to be able to buy German goods freely, at German prices, with money earned at Saar rates of pay. In short, they want the best of both worlds.

IN THE PRESENT circumstances, in which Adenauer is trying to dampen down German nationalism and has won wide public support for his policy of European Union, there would seem to be a good chance of a Saar settlement "Europeanizing" the small territory and making it the capital of the coal and steel pool.

Saarbruecken will be very suitable for that. It is a workaday city of a workaday people, but it has a huge Municipal Theatre with one of the finest revolving stages in Europe. It has a setting, along the Saar River, which has already been beautified with parks and of which a good deal more could be made. It has established a University.

Much of the extremely heavy war damage has been repaired, quite as much as one would find in a Ruhr city. The basis for a modernized and more beautiful shopping centre has been laid by requiring the many new buildings to be in arcade fashion. That is, the wide sidewalk is moved in under the arched front of the building, and the roadway gains by that much.

Uncertain though the Saar's future must often have seemed, there are still people here with the vision and the vitality to build for a distant future, a European future.

WILLSON WOODSIDE

•

Friends Past and Present

When winter smacks his icy lips
  And cracks his knuckles loudly,
I drum my freezing fingertips
  Upon his chest as proudly

As though he were my own grandsire
  And I again a stripling
Beside him, far from the cosy fire
  Where he had sat a-tippling

Until I dragged him, quite irate,
  Into the tingling weather,
That his old blood might not stagnate
  And end our fun together.

PAUL A. GARDNER

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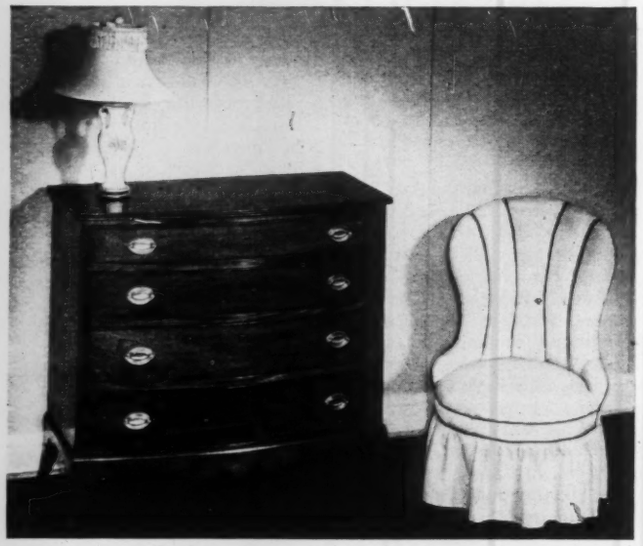

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Lighter Side

More Heat Than Light

IT SEEMS THAT the cost-of-living index has been making steady gains over the past four months, with consequent losses to the consumer. In an effort to discover the consumer's point of view on the trend, I recently conducted my regular opinion survey, as usual selecting names from the telephone book wherever it happened to open.

I put the question, "To what do you attribute the recent rise in the cost-of-living index?" to a Mrs. Ajax, the first opinion-holder on my list.

"Faulty distribution," Mrs. Ajax said promptly. "Did you know that Canada's surplus wheat, if made into bread, would provide every man, woman and child in the Western Hemisphere with a triple-decker sandwich? And that the left-overs alone would make a bread pudding of approximately the area of the Gulf of St. Lawrence?"

"Heavens, I had no idea!" I said.

"The butter for these sandwiches," Mrs. Ajax continued, "could be taken from last year's stockpile, with enough left over to supply every popcorn stand between here and Panama."

"Are you absolutely sure of these statistics?" I asked, greatly excited.

"I should be," Mrs. Ajax said, "I compiled them myself."

A Mr. Burberry, the next on my list, also attributed the rise to wrong methods of production and distribution.

"Take the recent case in Ottawa, where it was decided to call off the Santa Claus parade because of the rising cost of Santa Claus," he went on. "It seems that the cost of processing, hauling and distributing Santa Claus over a given area has risen enormously over the past year, and the available domestic market has now reached the point where it can no longer absorb the product. The question is, will the Government set a floor price on Santa Claus, thus creating frozen surpluses, stockpiling and general confusion? Or will it go after foreign markets where there is a recognized absence of Santa Clauses and dispose of surpluses at a reasonable profit?"

"Another point," Mr. Burberry continued briskly, "is that we are faced by an overlapping in distribution. For instance, last year when I took my three-year-old daughter down to see Santa Claus I had the greatest difficulty in explaining why there were two Santa Clauses in two stores. If you'll excuse the expression, this is a hell of a position to be in, quite apart from the serious economic problem involved."

I thanked Mr. Burberry for his explanation and continued with my investigation. The next opinion-holder, a Mrs. Pidgeon, declared that the trouble was our public thinkers had become so absorbed in mass problems and mass solutions that they were incapable of giving any attention to the individual consumer.

"The consumer is in a desperate position," she said, "but nobody ever gets round to him because the investigators are too much taken up with fluoridization surveys, reports on culture and art, Gallup polls, Kinsey reports—"

"Oh, did you read the Kinsey report?" I said.

"I glanced through it," Mrs. Pidgeon said, "and if you ask me, they're making a mountain out of a muckheap. As for the rising cost-of-living index I am strongly of the opinion that it will go on rising until we change our way of public thinking. Probably the first step would be to get rid of our public thinkers."

A Mrs. Lomax declared that the rise in the cost-of-living index could probably be traced to the atomic experiments in New Mexico.

"How else do you explain the cyclones and tornadoes, the heat wave last September, and the current skyrocketing of prices?" she asked.

I pointed out that the problem of the cost-of-living index was at least within human control and asked if she had any suggestions to offer.

"I'm afraid I haven't any offhand," Mrs. Lomax said regretfully, "but I imagine it will be taken care of before long with the depopulation of the planet."

"If you ask me, it's entirely the fault of the farmers," said a Mrs. Bedding. "Imagine, eggs eighty-two cents a dozen!"

I said that the peculiar feature of the current situation was that while the consumer was paying more for farm produce the farmer was getting less.

"I don't believe it," said Mrs. Bedding, a staunch opinion-holder. "Look at the floor price on butter."

"The farmer must have adequate support," I said firmly. "After all, he is the backbone of our national economy."

"Then the national backbone must have slipped a couple of discs," Mrs. Bedding said irritably, and hung up.

"The whole thing is a conspiracy against the modern housewife," declared a Mrs. Skidding. "I am now forming a Housewives' Committee whose members will be willing to pledge themselves to slice their own bread, wash their own carrots, boil their own tapioca, mix their own pie-crust, and refuse to buy gift-wrapped spinach and all packaged goods that come with plastic premiums."

"In time," Mrs. Skidding concluded, "we hope to become an international group, using as our slogan, 'Housewives of the world, unite. You have nothing to lose but your chain-stores.'"

MARY LOWREY ROSS

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Ottawa Letter

Problems for the Federal Cabinet

AS A SIGN of the approaching session, now fixed to open on November 12 is the appearance of members of the new Parliament who drift in to sign the roll, perform some chores for their constituents and secure comfortable living quarters. The Liberals are naturally elated with a fifth successive victory, which assures them the sweets of office for at least another fours years: the CCF are well satisfied with their gain of 10 seats; the Social Creditors, although somewhat chastened, are airily confident that their day will come; only the Conservatives are in a gloomy mood.

Ministers are busy with such preliminary preparations for the session as the compilation of estimates and the drafting of legislation in their care. They need not be idle for lack of pressing problems.

They have to decide on a policy in connection with subsidies demanded by the shipping and shipbuilding interests and with the application of Canadian Pacific Airlines for permission to compete with the state-owned Trans-Canada system for transcontinental freight traffic. They have serious worries about the strikes in the northern gold mines, the blockade in the movement of wheat, the consequences of which grow more ominous every week, and the mounting adverse balance of trade. They are also involved in a sharp difference of opinion with the Eisenhower administration about the best plan for effective defences in the Arctic against attacks by Russian aircraft, whose reported flights of reconnaissance in this region have been causing genuine alarm at Washington.

Ministers have to cope, too, with the vociferous indignation of the citizens of Ottawa over the Government's decision to move the headquarters of the National Film Board to Montreal. The Ottawa Board of Trade estimates that the shift will force some 520 persons employed by the Film Board to move to Montreal, and will mean the loss to the city of an annual payroll of about $1½ million. Miss Charlotte Whitton, the lively Mayoress of Ottawa, has shrewdly placed a temporary bridle upon her wrath and offered the Government a generous inducement, valued by her at $500,000, to keep the Film Board in Ottawa; this is the offer of a free site of 27 acres, now owned by the city, for new headquarters and a low-rental housing development of 300 homes upon which employees of the Film Board will have first claim. If the Government spurns this offer and sticks to its decision, it will never be forgiven by the people of Ottawa.

MAYOR CHARLOTTE WHITTON

Another baffling problem for the Government is the economic tribulation of Newfoundland. The loss of overseas markets has made fishing, which has always been the chief buttress of the island's economy, a depressed industry. Now it is demanding immediate succor. While the Government has refused to commit itself to a plan of price support for fish, Mr. Sinclair, the Minister of Fisheries, is seeking approval for a comprehensive and expensive scheme for the rehabilitation of the fortunes of the fishing industry by modernizing its methods.

Predictions made at the time of Newfoundland's entry to Confederation, that it would provide Canadian Governments with as many headaches as it did British Governments, are coming true. Some years after William of Orange ascended the throne of Britain, the importunate demands of the Scottish people and their spokesman, the Duke of Hamilton, for financial and other kinds of help so exasperated him that one day he cried out, "I wish to God that Scotland were 1000 miles away and had the Duke of Hamilton as its King." Unless Mr. Smallwood's Ministry can set the island's economic house in order, one of these days Mr. St. Laurent will be saying, "I wish to God that Newfoundland were 1000 miles away and that Mr. Smallwood or Mr. Pickersgill were its King."

The feasibility of making sterling a freely convertible currency has been increased lately by the marked improvement in the financial position of Britain, and by the decision announced by the Government of the United States to ask Congress for a large fund to back sterling, if the British Government decides to make it convertible into dollars. Our Government may soon have to consider what contribution Canada will make to a move which would be beneficial to our waning export trade.

The thorny problem of the appointment of a Canadian diplomatic representative at the Vatican is understood to be receiving attention from the Cabinet. It has long been desired by the leaders of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada, and at intervals they have applied strong pressure at Ottawa for the move. They could, however, make no headway as long as Mr. Mackenzie King held the reins of power. His religious creed was an old-fashioned brand of fundamentalist Calvinism, to which his loyalty was intense. His firm conviction that the establishment of diplomatic relations between Canada and the Holy See was bound to breed domestic political trouble for himself was strengthened when President Truman, after accrediting General Mark Clark as his country's diplomatic representative at the Vatican, had to bow to a fierce storm of protest by American Protestants and rescind the appointment.

Mr. King would never listen to

PREMIER SMALLWOOD

suggestions that he send a Canadian Minister to the Vatican and there is a story that after his retirement, having heard that Mr. St. Laurent was contemplating such an appointment, he made a special visit to the East Block to warn his successor of the political perils involved.

During the late election, not a few Liberal candidates, particularly in Quebec, made a strong appeal for Roman Catholic votes with the argument that, if their party was returned to power, Canada would soon have a Minister sent to the Vatican. But Mr. St. Laurent was exceedingly cautious in his references to the question. He took the line that the appointment must be made sooner or later but that since it faced strong opposition in certain quarters, it must be timed and arranged so that it would produce a minimum of controversy when it was announced.

Meanwhile, the Government is believed to be toying with the idea of sending to the Vatican some prominent Protestant, who is *persona grata* to the Roman Catholic Church. There is a good precedent for such an appointment; it has been the habitual practice of British Governments to choose a Protestant as the representative at the Vatican, and give him a Roman Catholic as his second-in-command. This policy helps to remove fears that the Vatican would use the British legation as a channel for influencing British policies for its own ends.

HON. WALTER HARRIS

The appointment of any Canadian, whatever his creed, to the Vatican can be expected, however, to encounter some opposition in the Cabinet, because there is evidence that its advocacy by Liberal candidates cost their party votes in Ontario on August 10; it is understood to have played some part in the substantial reduction of the majority of the Hon. Walter Harris, a popular Minister, in the Grey-Bruce riding.

Grave doubts are entertained in Ottawa as to whether the slightly reorganized Cabinet of Mr. St. Laurent will be a harmonious and happy family. While he was still a civil servant, Mr. Pickersgill, now Secretary of State, did not endear himself to several members of the Cabinet; they resented his influence with the Prime Minister and felt that his personal views prevailed too often in the shaping of policies. His sudden election to the Cabinet and Mr. St. Laurent's intimation that he wanted Mr. Pickersgill to function as his special assistant were as unpalatable medicine for these Ministers as for the parliamentary assistants who fancied themselves in line for promotion to Ministerial rank but who found themselves regarded as inferior material.

It is a well known fact in politics that the really deep personal animosities are not between political opponents but between members of the same party. Mr. Pickersgill has started his Ministerial career with a large number of critics and enemies in his own party, whose conciliation will not be easy for him. He holds one of the least important portfolios and, if he is content to play a modest role until he has proved his capacity as a Minister, clashes with hostile colleagues may be avoided. But if, like St. Paul, he tries to "magnify his office", all the authority and dexterity that the Prime Minister can command will be required to keep peace inside the Cabinet.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

A Shropshire Pilgrimage

IN THE SLEEPY ONTARIO town where we grew up and went to High School was no centre of culture or the arts But it had an unforgettable Public Library.

It was a large, gloomy upstairs room, smelling always of print and dusty papers and floor polish. There was no Boys and Girls Centre, complete with colorful posters and lists of suggested titles for every age group. All the books were jumbled together in impartial confusion. No distinction was made between Ethel M. Dell and Hemingway, the Uncle Wiggleys and the latest Somerset Maugham, Mrs. L. T. Meade and Sinclair Lewis. The librarian — a rather ethereal maiden lady who possessed the comfortable faculty of being able to close her mind to those paragraphs in the modern novels that caused periodic concern among the town's more worldly adults—smiled as benignly on us when we asked for *Elmer Gantry* as when we chose *The Campfire Girls At Lighthouse Point.*

There, all unguided, we ran the gamut of authors. And there, on a summer afternoon more than twenty years ago, I first opened the pages of one of the half-dozen brief, green-covered novels that bore the signature, Mary Webb. *Precious Bane* was the beginning. To a school-girl it was a strange, dark, unsettling tale. People and events were elemental, close to the earth. I wept with Prue Sarn as if I, too, were hare-shotten; and there was no joy for me until the final page brought the certainty that she was loved and safe. *The House In Dormer Forest* and *The Golden Arrow* were happier stories; yet they, too, were underlaid with that same quality of depth and mystery in the seemingly commonplace. *Seven For A Secret* and *Gone To Earth,* each with its plot so warmly woven of joy and tragedy, of guilt and forgiveness, were doors to a larger life. And so all-inclusive is Nature in the work of Mary Webb, so much of a piece are her men and women with the hills and fields through which they move, that Shropshire, during that summer's reading, became an enchanted place. "If ever I get to England," I vowed, "I'll go straight to Shropshire."

And, after many years, I did.

Although it was England's Coronation Summer, in the rolling hill country along the Welsh border there was little decoration or publicity to mark the event. The stone cottages have stood solid against the bitter winds from the Welsh mountains while a dozen monarchs have come and gone; and the steeps with their numberless sheep-tracks, the villages folded close in the quiet valleys, are as old as England. Pontesbury, Shropshire, one of the least of these villages, was our destination; it was in Pontesbury, eight miles from the market-town of Shrewsbury, that Mary Webb spent many of the years of her writing life.

"They lived just along the Station Road here," our hostess told us, as we sat at tea the evening we arrived. "You'll see the name on the gate — Rose Cottage. A large cottage it is—too large for them to keep up when her husband was ill. He was a teacher — taught in the fine big school in Shrewsbury. But he had a nervous breakdown, and they moved out here to Pontesbury. She wasn't Mary Webb then. By that I mean her books hadn't become famous, and none of us knew that she was so different from the rest of us . . . They had a hard time to manage, and she went to market in Shrewsbury and sold what she could from their garden, on market days. At last they moved to a small cottage above the village, over beyond the quarry. An old stone cottage called The Nils . . ."

One of Pontesbury's two general merchants has lived in The Nils for the past twenty years. A shrewd little man, with lively eyes and a warm smile, he led us up the steep path from the hedge and welcomed us into the sitting-room. It was a low shadowed room, with a heavy beamed ceiling, a broad fireplace, and a window that looked over lonely reaches of gray rock and green plateau and ever-moving clouds.

"Yes, I remember her well," our host reminisced, from his chair by the hearth where she must have sat on many an evening as lovely as this one. "I was doing a bit of courting up the hill here, that summer. Not the girl that's my wife now—another girl. We used to meet at that stile beyond the hedge. And we'd see her. There she'd be, just sitting quiet."

"Did I get to know her well?" He filled his pipe slowly, and shook his head above the tightly-packed contents. "No. A most un-get-at-able woman she was. Not that she was unfriendly, or didn't treat people right, but it was hard to know what to say to her. I think she was very unhappy at that time, with her husband's ill-health and their extreme poverty. And of course, to us she was just another cottager. We knew that she was writing something; we didn't know that even in those days she was being written about in literary papers by such men as Stanley Baldwin and G. K. Chesterton and Walter de la Mare. But it wasn't until after she was dead and buried that her neighbors began to realize who she was. In the twenty years we've been living in her cottage, men and women from many parts of the world have knocked on our door to ask us, "Did Mary Webb live here?"

Pride and humor mingled in his telling of the recent filming of Mary Webb's *Gone To Earth.* "The picture has a different name, in America. But it's our countryside you see, and the very first shot is one of Pontesbury Hill. Several of the villagers are in it—unimportant parts, for local color. You'll see me, if you look closely—in the choir, in the christening scene. Jennifer Jones plays the part of Hazel Woodus; and when she was here making the picture, she changed her outfits in a room at the Red Lion, just across from my store. Until eggs came off the ration, I shipped eggs each week to the actress who played Hazel's mother-in-law. Stomach ulcers, she had—bad ulcers."

TWILIGHT was a mingling of muted Shropshire sounds — churchbells in the valley, curlews crying above the grainfields, the bleating of sheep on the lonely highlands: and the damp air was sweet with bracken and honeysuckle. Our farewells were leisurely, for this single evening's visit had been many years in the making. When at last we set out on the path that skirted the quarry, the merchant's hearty voice followed after us: "See that you don't leave us without going up to God's Little Mountain!"

In the novel *Gone To Earth* and in the moving-picture, it is called God's Little Mountain. But the map of Shropshire names it Lord's Hill. Out to Minsterley, left at Plox Green, up the winding road through Snail Beach and Crow's Nest Dingle, and at last the circle of summits was beneath us and we were on the highest hill of them all, Lord's Hill. It was another world, of deep soft grass and vivid flowering foxgloves, of purple heather and tangled thorn bushes, of distance and a brooding peace new as the morning and old as the earth. We sank to our knees in bracken as we found our way to the old stone church where the christening scene had been filmed. Our friend of The Nils had told us that a new baptistry had been built in the churchyard to suit the requirements of the moving-picture people; and we found it, looking more than a little incongruous amid a tangle of wild daisies and columbine and grey forgotten tombstones.

Our first impression of England had been a country in miniature, of distance made narrow, of height made level, of vastness made impossible in an area so circumscribed. But on God's Little Mountain, with nothing between earth and sky but the leisurely sweep of a hawk and the distant crying of sheep, we walked in a world as lovely, as lonely, as limitless as our own wide corner of Canada.

That small-town Library of our High School days has been enlarged and brightened and brought up-to-date in late years. There is a Corner for Young Readers, and a Recent Fiction Shelf, and a qualified librarian who weeds out the unwanted books at regular intervals to make room for attractive new arrivals. Hundreds of volumes have come and gone since that long-ago summer which saw the resolve, "If ever I get to England, I'll go straight to Shropshire!" I wonder, when we return, will the Fiction under W still hold the half-dozen green-covered novels of Mary Webb?

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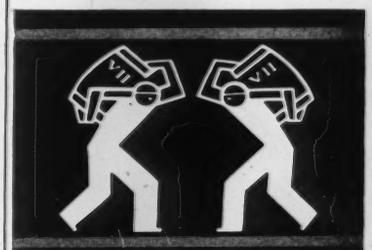

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Music

The Master of Mood

SIR ARNOLD BAX, Master of the Queen's Musick, in death has joined the majority, and become Bax, the musician; for in the sight of history it is men who honor titles, and not the other way around.

His music has two main characteristics: enormous technical facility, and the misty impressionism of the Celtic twilight. His technique was so remarkable that it led him into trouble. A string quartet, composed while he was still at the Royal Academy of Music, was so complicated and elaborate that virtuosity itself stood paralyzed before it, and the work had to be abandoned as unplayable. Indeed, his musical progress was a pilgrimage to free himself from the effects of that deadly facility. As an artist, he was trying to communicate his ideas. He had the ideas, but his means of communication were so brilliant that he bombarded his audiences into dazed boredom before they could realize that what was the matter was a surfeit of thought rather than a deficiency.

He once said himself, "I cannot recall the long-lost day when I was unable to play the piano: inaccurately. It seems that I could always read printed music at the piano stool with the same unthinking ease with which a man reads a book." But facility is a virtue in a young composer, if only he can harness it; and there is no doubt that Bax during his long and productive life soon managed to arrive at a working understanding between the speed of his expression, and the relative slowness of his listeners' grasp.

Everything that is said about Bax dwells on the Celtic element, but it is less often pointed out that he was a Celt by choice, not birth. Nature assigned him to an English family of Quaker origin, who neglected to remove the works of W. B. Yeats. At the age of 19, Bax picked up *The Wanderings of Usheen*, and, as he said himself, "In a moment the Celt within me stood revealed."

I should not like to have to demonstrate Bax's Celticism by rational means. The word is usually applied to long-winded music that strays about the black notes of the piano. But Bax was certainly not more long-winded than other English composers (who do not, as a group, suffer from excessive compression). And his harmony was much more varied and colorful than the austerities of the pentatonic scale permit.

Perhaps the real point of comparison is that much Celtic art depends for its charm on the evocation of a mood rather than the sharp delineation of character or the Sophoclean march of incident. Not that the other things are necessarily missing, but the mood has the first call on the artist's attention. Such, undoubtedly, was Bax's musical philosophy. While Neo-Classicism and the Twelve-Tone system were raising their sharp ascetic peaks, Bax was found basking in the soft, scented valley. Furthermore, he admitted it; in fact, he insisted that he was "a brazen romantic: by which I mean that my music is the expression of emotional states. I have no interest whatever in sound for its own sake or in any modernist 'isms or factions."

This is a declaration which might equally have come from Delius: but Bax has an astringency which Delius lacks. Moreover, Bax wrote many different compositions, while Delius wrote only one long piece of music, which he served out in instalments with different titles and arranged for various instruments. Bax, for instance, wrote a sonata for viola and harp, which I gather is a fine thing. I have never heard it myself, though Decca has recorded it.

Another aspect of Bax's music is his fondness for program music. Here again, perhaps, the Celtic comparison appears, merely because many of his programs were from Celtic sources, and many others were from such remote and imaginative tales as the Sagas, and Beowulf. There is always a wild debate raging on the uses of program music, but to my mind Ernest Newman has dealt with the subject in final and positive terms. "Bax, I am glad to see," says Newman, "is at last mustering up courage enough to admit that some of his later work is programmatic. More composers would be glad to make the same simple admission had they not been scared stiff by the superficial aestheticians who insist on the necessity of music being 'pure', the implication being that any music that has the remotest connection with 'literature' is necessarily impure, and therefore ineligible for admission into the musical heaven. The result of the activities of this self-appointed Vigilance Committee for Musical Morals has been to turn most composers into musical hypocrites. They have indulged in secret in this delightful dalliance with 'literature' and then denied in public that they ever knew the naughty lady by sight; while as for ever having called at the house . . ."

BAX WROTE copiously—no operas, but seven symphonies, for example. Possibly now that he is dead, we may be able to persuade the CBC that Britten does not represent the sum total of English music. With a little coaxing, we might be able to hear one or two of these Bax symphonies.

I wish I could add that Bax's copiousness is enough to qualify him as a major master. Certainly nobody can be so considered unless he has written a great deal; for to be a major

master implies that a man covers a wide span of human experience, and this simply cannot be done except by turning out a lot of work. But Bax often quartered back and forth over the same ground. His smoky, evocative moods have plenty of bite and flavor, but the spices all seem to have come off the same shelf.

This, however, I would praise him for: that he always tried for a direct perception of beauty, and to convey this direct perception to the audience. Bax was an aesthetic mystic; he wished to apprehend beauty by an instantaneous act of the soul, and this meant that he always worked with his attention on the object, the beauty of the music. He will be remembered directly for only a few of his works; but indirectly he may have had great influence in persuading artists that beauty may be grasped and held by men of mettle. He has left us a description of his feelings at the age of six, when he saw Arundel Park at sunset; and I think it is a description of his whole artistic attitude. "As we stood there an unimaginable glory of flame developed in the west so that all the wooded heights seemed on fire. I watched speechlessly. To my childish perception this visitation was sheer all-conquering splendor and majesty, untroubled by the sense of the transitoriness of all lovely things. The hour was immortal."

DURING the past summer a new world organization has been formed to try to help the various musical cultures become more widespread; and also to help develop education in music, for even in the limited sense in which music itself is international, music education is not. There is much wasted time and effort, much needless duplication, as well as an inability to reach stimulating new ideas in other countries. The International Society of Music Education is intended to deal with just these problems.

During the summer meetings in Brussels, Dr. Arnold Walter, Director of the Faculty of Music at the University of Toronto, was elected the first president. Miss Vanette Lawler, of the Music Educators National Conference in the United States, was elected secretary; one vice-president is Sir Bernard Heinze of Australia, and the other Domingo Santa Cruz of Chile. The members at large are of various nationalities. Forty-three nations joined in forming the new society. Quite apart from its other work, I look forward eagerly to its bringing to the Western World something of the beauty and subtlety of Oriental music. Our music is already widely appreciated in the Orient; too much so, if anything. I am told that Japan has almost given up her traditional forms in the last few years, and settled down instead to assimilate purely Western music.

Japan, by the way, is joining with India and the Philippines in one of the first local exchange groups within the new society. Another early project will be a special experimental scheme in one of the South American countries. The very reasonable view on which the Society is founded is that every country has something to offer to its neighbors, and no country is so perfect that it cannot learn something from another.

Dr. Walter and his committee are not going to have things too easy at first. Obviously the second thing that is needed is a headquarters: an International Institute for Music Education, or something of the sort. It will be difficult enough to run such an organization at all, without having to do it out of a brief-case office, so to speak.

And the first thing that is needed is money. Already the Canadian Government uses some of its blocked credits to give scholarships. Some of this money should also be used to help international music education. Most of the support will come, of course, from governments; but governments represent individuals, and will do nothing unless their actions are based on the sympathy of individuals. Interested individuals may, in fact, join the society.

Personally, I have nothing but good wishes for this idea. Music is a baseless art unless it permeates every part of our life. We must not think of music education in the narrow sense of training performers, or even training teachers. Libraries of music (like the splendid one in Manchester, England), the radio, TV, the film, the musical life of the community, singing for pleasure—all these things are part of music education.

To understand and love music is to live more abundantly. But this appreciation is not a natural faculty; it must be acquired, and we should do all in our power to see that as many people as possible have the opportunity to acquire it.

LISTER SINCLAIR

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Persona Grata

A New Leader For Jazz

IN THE CURIOUS, esoteric world of modern jazz, there is a growing feeling that this kind of music, which some people call art and others call obnoxious noise, is in the process of gaining new prestige. Many musicians, critics and listeners believe that while jazz in the next few years may not attain the aesthetic heights reached by, say, Bach's *Mass in B minor*, it will move to a maturity and a degree of acceptance far greater than it has known before.

This belief is inspired partly by a survey of fifty years of fairly steady progress in North America's only native art form; it is strengthened by two pianists whose work during the past few years has been particularly distinguished — Dave Brubeck, of San Francisco, and Lennie Tristano, of New York.

Both of these musicians show in their own playing, and in the playing of their respective groups, the main characteristics of the jazz called modern: originality, great technical skill, a knowledge and absorption of contemporary concert music, and a high regard for form. Together, they are at the centre of modern jazz activity, even though their playing is dissimilar in many ways.

Each has a strong classical background and each has had an obvious influence on the jazzmen around him; but it is the newer arrival, Brubeck, the son of a cattleman and the pupil of Darius Milhaud, who is emerging as one of the most significant figures in jazz history. He is taking his place beside Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Charlie Parker, and Tristano himself, partly for his brilliant music and partly for a less easily understood accomplishment—the earning of respect and academic acceptance for jazz. Brubeck's case is an odd one, and something of his background is necessary to an understanding of his peculiar position.

Most of his early life was spent on a huge cattle ranch near Ione, Calif. Here the varied musical atmosphere created by his mother, a former concert pianist, the guitar-strumming singers in the bunkhouse, and the jazz drumming of his older brother, lost out temporarily to a love of animals instilled by his father. When Brubeck, at 18, enrolled in the College of the Pacific, he was determined to become a veterinary; but by his second year he had switched to the school's music course and when he went overseas with the U.S. Army he was pianist, arranger and leader for an 18-piece jazz band. On his return, in 1946, he enrolled at Mills College, San Francisco, to study under the French modernist, Milhaud, for three years.

Milhaud not only shaped many of Brubeck's musical principles but also guided the form of his career. After several years of study, Brubeck was still without a definite idea of how he wanted to spend his life. He was fairly certain that he was an artist, but was jazz, after all, an art?

Milhaud, an admirer of jazz and jazz musicians for many years, convinced Brubeck his proper place was as a jazzman, and neither of them has since regretted the advice. Brubeck now has slightly more than a decade of fairly steady jazz playing behind him, and all of it has blended with his academic training to produce a unique artist.

This experience and knowledge rests on Brubeck's 33-year-old shoulders, works its way down to his fingers, and arrives at the piano in the form of fresh and meaningful ideas, which he expresses as part of the integrated group activity he strongly advocates for all jazz units. At the moment, his unit happens to be a quartet, in which three other highly skilled musicians — Paul Desmond, on alto saxophone, Ron Crotty, on string bass, and Lloyd Davis, on drums—move with Brubeck through some of the most delightful jazz performances listeners have ever heard. This group recently completed its second swing through the eastern states and Canada, and Brubeck, home in California again, can look back on an immensely successful and satisfying trip.

On various occasions, his group barged manfully into concert halls once closed to jazzmen — including those at Harvard University and Oberlin College in Ohio—and each time they were received with such enthusiasm that they could forget for the moment the noisier but better-paying night clubs in which they spent the greater part of their playing time. These clubs, such as Colonial Tavern in Toronto, often are conducive to the most inspired playing because of their relaxing atmosphere; but just as often they are filled as much with the noise of loud patrons as with the music of the group.

When the audience—usually made up largely of musicians, music students and the more ardent jazz enthusiasts—is good, watching Brubeck work becomes a simple lesson in the cause and effect of artistic activity. No art places the empathy factor on a higher pedestal than jazz, and no jazzman is more aware of this than Brubeck. Playing to an audience widely varied in age, experience and interest, he is conscious at all times of how much of his music is being received and understood. And as his listeners know well by now, the intensity and breadth of his improvisations depend to a high degree on the character of the audience.

The music itself is sometimes happy, sometimes fierce, almost invariably emotional, and yet it is like no jazz ever played before. In the beginning, there are the tunes, and here Brubeck first shows his originality, picking songs almost never played by other jazzmen. One of his best numbers is the film tune, *Alice in Wonderland*.

The arrangements, which Brubeck writes, are among the most deft and witty in small group jazz. To achieve a certain amount of unity, he arranges the beginning and the ending, sometimes pitting the piano against Desmond's alto in lovely counterpoint. In the middle are the improvised solos — Brubeck's, Desmond's, and occasionally Crotty's, with each musician fitting his ideas into the overall pattern. Sometimes, because no one can create well regularly, the result is mediocrity; more often, it is brilliance.

Brubeck's original style, his excellent taste and his insistence on high musical standards have broken down many of the barriers against the music which began in New Orleans' red light district. Many people who refused to take seriously any music played in saloons are now listening to jazz with renewed interest because Brubeck has shown them it can be beautiful as well as emotional and rhythmic.

True, Brubeck has not received the recognition in the popular press which has been accorded Duke Ellington and Benny Goodman, but this can be traced to the fact that the younger man's music is on the chamber music, rather than the symphonic, scale, and therefore is more difficult for an outsider to apprehend. In jazz criticism, the acknowledged leaders of the modern school, Barry Ulanov of *Metronome* magazine and Nat Hentoff of *Down Beat*, the trade paper, have been entirely enthusiastic. Ulanov, author of *A History of Jazz in America* and professor of English at Columbia, recently implied in a *Metronome* article that Brubeck is charged with the responsibility of carrying jazz forward. He concluded his piece with this observation:

"What is really encouraging is that Dave knows better than most musicians where we are in jazz, approximately where we can go, and with what means. Few musicians are so stimulated by their craft, so stimulating in what they do with it. It is fitting that he, of all people, should be placed in so responsible a position."

Brubeck seems to accept this role with proper modesty, and certainly he feels, with Ulanov and many others, that jazz is on its way to greater maturity, and with that maturity, wider acceptance. Not long ago Brubeck was asked to conduct a course in jazz at the University of California, and happily obliged. He feels this is symbolic of the increasingly high regard in which jazz is held.

Meanwhile, Brubeck's own position is secure and improving. The group finished a three-month engagement at San Francisco's main jazz club, and Brubeck now plans to play about 60 college concerts, work most of the eastern night clubs, visit the international jazz festival at Nice, and tour Europe. He also plans to make more records for the Fantasy label, on which he has been most successful, and work in some network radio appearances.

ROBERT MARSHALL

Travel

Georgia in the Fall

WE PLAN *to motor to Georgia next month. Can you recommend a moderately-priced resort hotel? We would like one where there is activity at the hotel and other attractions in the vicinity.—L. C., Fredericton, NB.*

The King and Prince on Saint Simons Island in the Golden Isles of Georgia offers rates from $8 a day for a double room with bath, without meals, and upwards from $18 daily with meals. There are places of historic interest, such as abandoned slave quarters, on the Island. The hotel has a swimming pool, private ocean beach, golf and riding, and a good social program.

Chateau de Ramezay

I WILL BE *driving through Montreal later this year and I am told I should not miss visiting the Château de Ramezay. Can you tell me something about it?—G. O. P., Detroit.*

The Château de Ramezay's first stone was laid by Claude de Ramezay, eleventh governor of Montreal, in 1705. De Ramezay built strongly, for the walls of his castle-like home, still in good condition, were made of stone three feet thick, fire-proof and also bullet-proof.

The Château de Ramezay was later used as a residence for British governors, and General Montgomery occupied it as his Continental Army headquarters. Benjamin Franklin at one time lived there and had printing presses set up in the Château's vaults. Today, under the ownership of the Antiquarian and Numismatic Society of Montreal, it is a well-known museum.

Open to the public, the Château has on display an extensive collection of historical documents, pictures, antiquities, and many interesting items. Here are old prints, war weapons, coins, Indian cradle boards, wampum belts, crude domestic furniture, early snowshoes, a large bake oven before which are candle moulds, ham-smoking rods and spits turned by dogs in a wheel.

Irish Hotels

WHERE CAN *I obtain information on hotels in Ireland? What are the approximate costs of accommodations?—J. P. S., Toronto.*

The official list of hotels and guest houses and all information may be obtained, free of charge, from the Irish Tourist Information Bureau, 33 East 50th Street, New York 22, New York. First-class luxury hotel accommodation can be had for as little as $4.00 per night for room and breakfast or $36.00 per week all inclusive. $10.00 per day will cover good hotel accommodation, all meals and first-class travel. For as little as $5.60 per day hotel accommodation, meals and travel can be obtained.

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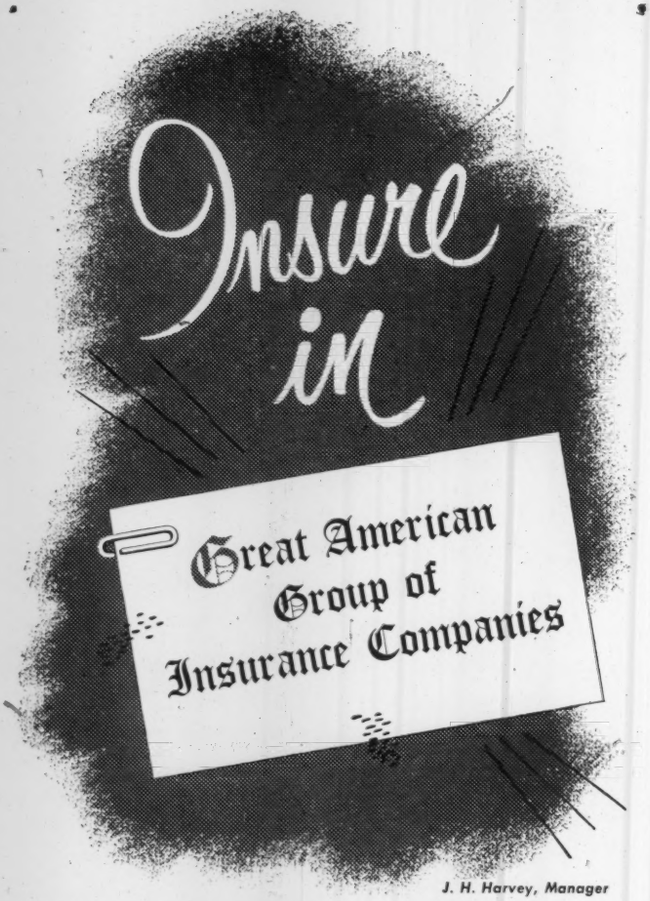

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Books

Anthology of Talk

IT IS CHARACTERISTIC of our age that the Oxford University Press should have thought it worth while to bring out an anthology called *The Oxford Book of English Talk*, for nowadays we are fascinated by reporting. We thirst for actuality; we want to know the facts. Publishers say that fiction is in the worst slump, as a salable commodity, in half a century; yet a good deal of excellent fiction is being written. But we don't want fiction; we want information, and all kinds of writers, good and bad, honest and dishonest, are striving to give it to us. We want to know things about people as they really are, and not as they are presented to us by literary artists. We want the Mass Observers to tell us what people really do in public; we want Dr. Kinsey and his associates to tell us what people really do in private; we want Dr. Gallup to tell us what people think. Obviously this is a good time to bring out a book which tells us how people have really talked, from the 15th century until yesterday. James Sutherland has prepared this addition to the Oxford anthologies, and he has done a good job.

Although in his Preface he is modest about the work which the book involved, we know that it must have been a hard and discouraging task. We all talk a good many thousand words every day of our lives, but our words vanish as soon as they are spoken. Anybody who has tried it knows how difficult it is to recall even a short passage of conversation in the exact words in which it was spoken. Judges, lawyers, newspaper reporters and other people whose work it is to discover what people have really said at a given time, know how deceptive even a good memory can be. And practised talkers, used to speaking in public, are sometimes convinced that they have used one turn of phrase when the weight of evidence shows that they have said something very different. Considering how hard it is to recover the talk of yesterday, how is the talk of five hundred years ago to be recaptured?

Clearly it can only be found in written texts, and it is impossible to put absolute trust in even the best of these. The urge to touch up what somebody else has said is common to all reporters. People are so repetitious, so ungrammatical, so lacking in a sense of dramatic emphasis, that a literal transcript of what they have said is likely to be dull stuff, pleasing neither to the speakers nor to anyone else. (People with good memories may recall the dismay of a Toronto City Council, a while ago, when a newspaper printed a few literal transcripts of their meetings.) And yet, in these literal transcripts, gems of phrasing and flashes of wit sometimes occur which recreate character and situation in a manner worthy of a great novelist.

As far as possible, Mr. Sutherland has drawn upon transcripts of evidence given in trials, and upon memoirs and diaries, for his material. We cannot be certain that what is found in these sources is the word-for-word speech of ordinary people, but it is less likely to be touched up than conversation in novels and plays, where literary effect is sought.

You might suppose that reports of the speech of people high in society would be corrected and transfigured more than the speech of undistinguished people, but that does not appear to be so. Nothing could be better than Fanny Burney's transcription of the choppy, irritable, yet lively conversational style of King George III; we get an equally clear impression of the tirades of George II from what Lord Hervey reports of him. Yet Mr. Sutherland tells us that Victorian police court reports are palpably false; barmaids and crossing-sweepers are made to speak as genteel court reporters thought they *ought* to speak—perhaps as these reporters, deceived by their own notions of propriety, thought they heard them speak.

But when we have grasped the notion that Mr. Sutherland can only give us what is available in print or manuscript, we begin to see how wisely and effectively he has chosen his pieces for inclusion. He has not fallen into the trap of choosing only what is lively or striking; most talk lacks these qualities. He has striven to give us the tune and vocabulary of all classes of society through five hundred years. The result is a book which it will always be a pleasure to take up, and your $3.75 will buy you a possession for a lifetime.

There have always been pretentious talkers, but they have never been so numerous as in the last hundred years. General education, resulting in general half-education, is probably to blame for most of it. The evidence of this book, and any study of history in contemporary sources, is that, until about a century ago, people who did not consider themselves learned talked as plainly as they could. Sometimes what they said was confused, because their thought was confused, and talk is a mirror of thought. But it was not confused because they used big, woolly, foolish words, and attempted complex sentences which they could not bring to a successful end. The desire to be grandiose is a disease which seized upon our great-grand-

fathers, and today it is as widespread and as dangerous to the public good as ever.

Good talk should be plain and unaffected. This does not mean that it has to be a succession of simple statements cast in a vocabulary of Anglo-Saxon simplicity. But good talk should say what has to be said in the best words for the subject. Dr. Samuel Johnson was one of the great talkers of history, and he was not afraid to use a big word when his thought required a big word for appropriate expression. Indeed, part of the art of a great talker lies in throwing in a handsome word when it will give a handsome effect. But it is not with great talk that we are concerned here, but with ordinary talk.

The ordinary talk of most men who have won fame as scholars, or writers, has been pithy and often racy and colloquial. They are not afraid of slang, and if they find that a dirty word is the only word which will express what they mean, they are not afraid of a dirty word. They are not mealy-mouthed, pretentious or desirous of impressing their hearers with their elegance; they take the whole vocabulary of the language for their domain, and they use it as they see fit.

Again and again in Mr. Sutherland's anthology we find this proven — nowhere more delightfully than in Benjamin Robert Haydon's description of his dinner party at which Keats, Wordsworth, Lamb and Thomas Monkhouse were the guests. Did these men beat one another over the head with rhetorical clubs? Did they talk like the chairman of a Speaker's Committee at a service club, introducing the consul of a banana republic to the assembled brethren? Did they talk like trade-union leaders who want to show that they can be just as incomprehensible as the bosses? No; they spoke plainly, briefly and, in Lamb's case, scurrilously. They were literary men, free from the need to pile on literary agony.

Too many people, since everybody learned to read, have tried to talk like books. This would be more tolerable if they chose better books for their models, but they show an awful addiction to *Time* magazine, to the phoney-folksy pieces in *Reader's Digest*, to the ungrammatical, free-wheeling prose of the popular columnists. Some people want to talk like Government blue-books, and actually realize this horrid ambition; they can even bring themselves to say "and/or," as though it made sense. It is pitiful to hear them.

It would be a good thing if we could stop talking like magazines and newspapers, and return to talking like people. But the time has come in our civilization when the ability to say a plain thing plainly is a literary accomplishment, requiring careful training and thought; plain speech does not rise spontaneously to the lips. Where we are going, so far as talk is concerned, is beyond our power to guess. Where we have been, the *Oxford Book of English Talk* triumphantly shows.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH TALK—edited by James Sutherland—pp. 445 and notes—*Oxford University Press*—$3.75.

In Brief

THE BRIDGES AT TOKO-RI—by James A. Michener—pp. 147—*Random House*—$3.00.

This penetrating story of American navy jet-fliers in Korea will do more than many volumes of documentation to explain the United States to other nations and to itself. It is a simple variation on the profound Christian paradox about losing life in order to find it. The hero is depersonalized to an extent that could make him the unknown soldier of the Korean War.

On the debit side this novel is an expression of patriotic opportunism, but it is fraught with muted tensions of glory and tragedy, and it suggests, in deceptively simple terms, many of the insoluble complexities of war and peace.

CECILE—by Benjamin Constant, Edited and Annotated by Alfred Roulin, Translated by Norman Cameron—pp. 118, Introduction and Notes—*Lehmann and Longmans*—$2.00.

Lost for a hundred and twenty years after Constant's death and first published in 1951, this unfinished essay in autobiography by the author of *Adolphe* is intensely interesting both for its own sake and as a prime sample of romantic irony.

The story, written about 1810, tells, with dry detachment and keen self-analysis, of the author's vacillations in his relations with two women over a period of fifteen years in Germany and France. The women were Charlotta von Hardenburg, whom Constant eventually took as his second wife, and Madame de Staël, with whom Constant had a stormy liaison for many years.

This exquisite fragment delights with its apposition of keen intelligence and romantic temperament, its blood-bone-and-nerve evocation of a period, and its tense, terse style.

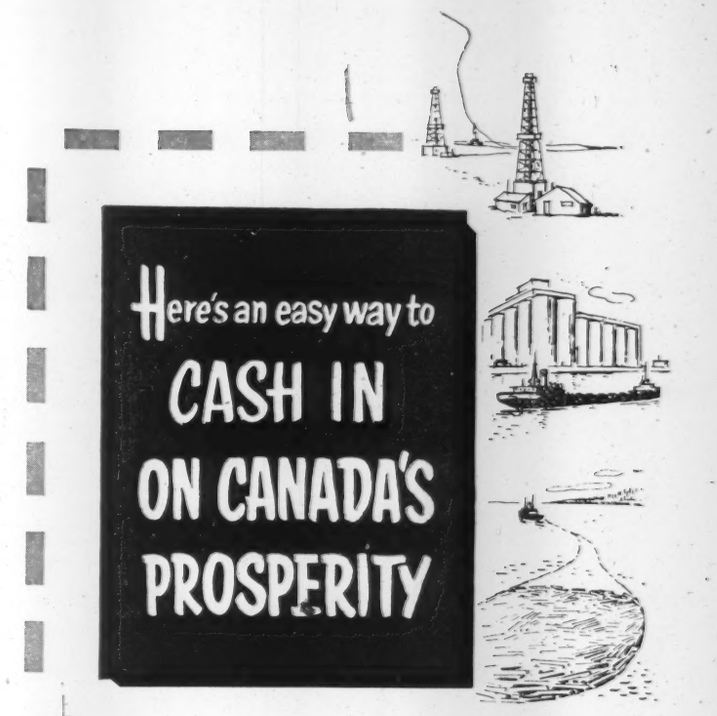
TUSITALA OF THE SOUTH SEAS: The Story Of Robert Louis Stevenson's Life In The South Pacific—by Joseph W. Ellison—pp. 282, Bibliography and Index—*Reginald Saunders*—$6.75.

At the age of thirty-eight, Robert Louis Stevenson was physically more dead than alive, but his will to work and his zest for adventure kept death at arm's length for six flamboyant years.

The adventure began on June 28, 1888, when Stevenson's "silver ship" sailed through the Golden Gate bound for the Marquesas. It ended in Samoa, after bonus years of prodigious work and world-wide fame, on December 3, 1894.

Mr. Ellison's book about Stevenson's last years is a sentimental journey in the wake of a hero whose personality and experiences during this phase of his life are presented with remarkable immediacy and freshness. It is not a brilliant book, but it is a memorable and satisfying one.

There are special pleasures, such as accounts of the intrepid behavior of Stevenson's aged and dignified mother in the face of peril on the high seas; of the terrible hurricane which crushed seven warships in Apia Harbor a few months before the Stevensons' arrival there; and of the visit of Henry Adams to Samoa, which caused the



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amazed Bostonian to conclude that "only a Scotsman with consumption can defy every fatigue and danger."

The book leaves its reader with a deep sense of Stevenson's personal triumph in dying at last, not in the North "like a weevil in a biscuit", but with his boots on in the South Pacific.

PHOEBE THIRSK—by E. H. W. Meyerstein—pp. 224—*Longmans, Green—$2.50.*

This is one of those rare novels that keeps on branching out in the reader's mind after the book has been laid down. Much of its vitality stems from the depth of its contradictions.

The heroine's story, told in the first person, pretends to be verbose, yet it is really dry, economical, and often witty. It is full of sly irony which mingles compatibly with a serene romanticism. It is about people who are cheerfully and resolutely amoral in a moral world. The heroine is an innocent girl who enjoys spending the night with a banana and some Turkish delight under the bed in which her mother is entertaining a lover.

Like *Zuleika Dobson, Phoebe Thirsk* is both dated and timeless. Her admirers cannot fail to go in search of the other Meyerstein novels.

A HOPKINS READER—Selected and with an Introduction by John Pick—pp. 308, Notes and Index—*Oxford University Press—$4.25.*

The only important events in Gerard Manley Hopkins's life were those of religious or poetic significance. Hopkins was one of the Oxford Anglicans who, in subsequent years, followed Newman's path to Rome. In 1868, at the age of twenty-four, he became a novice in the Jesuit Order and renounced his poetry for a life of asceticism. For seven years he wrote nothing. In his few remaining years, after he had worked out his synthesis between God and the natural world of sensuous beauty, the small body of his great poems was produced, in spite of a busy scholarly life teaching and preaching, and a long and painful period of spiritual desolation.

Though there are only thirty pages of poems in this reader—poems which received scant attention until many years after Hopkins's death—the letters, journal excerpts and sermons illustrate magnificently the essential contradictions and harmonies of Hopkins's religious and poetic nature: his tenderness and sternness, his whimsical humor and downright earnestness, his physical weakness and spiritual strength.

Though Gerard Manley Hopkins died in 1889, his poems are still an experiment in experience for the modern reader, an experience which deepens when the poems are enriched by their unique setting.

COLERIDGE: The Clark Lectures 1951-52—by Humphry House—pp. 156 with appendices—*Clarke, Irwin—$2.00.*

The approach to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, like the entrance to the Kingdom of Heaven, is notoriously difficult. That important source of intimate knowledge of Coleridge's mind and personality, the Note-Books, is only now being edited in its entirety by Miss Kathleen Coburn, of the University of Toronto, who has been working at this Herculean labor for some years.

The author of the present study, who is Senior University Lecturer in English at Oxford, gives Miss Coburn credit for some new knowledge of Coleridge and suggests that it is still much too soon for Coleridge criticism to become dogmatic. Mr. House gives an excellent scholarly appraisal of Coleridge's personality and poetic method. The splendid chapters on "The Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan" will be of special interest to teachers of literature.

PEACE RIVER AND OTHER VERSE—by Christian Galloway—pp. 59—*Mitre Press—7s. 6d.*

This little volume could safely be left to find its own audience if it were not for its astonishing preface, which states that the book "does not pretend to be poetry; it is simple old-fashioned descriptive verse, claiming no merit save that of sincerity". The author shuns "clever modern affectations or studied formlessness".

Without taking up the challenge of the obvious fallacies, the reader cannot suppress a feeling of indignation that it is apparently still possible for a well-meaning Old Countryman to translate the brilliant and turbulent Canadian landscape in terms of the dun colors and poetic diction which were old-fashioned a century ago. In this sense, Mr. Galloway's verses are indeed old-fashioned. He claims clarity as the special virtue of such verses, but the poetic kind of clarity is clearly required here.

Without poetry or wit, the rhymed couplet in English can only be long-winded and silly in effect. Sincerity does not help at all.

MADAME DE — — by Louise de Vilmorin, Translated by Duff Cooper—pp. 64, with drawings by Ian Ribbons—*Collins—$2.00*

This suave, sophisticated little story turns on the eternal enmity of the sexes. Monsieur de — and the Ambassador coldly stand and wait while Madame de — dies for the unforgivable sin of having wounded their vanity.

It is an elegant Parisian trifle in a delicate shade of mauve.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF FRENCH HISTORY—by René Sédillot, Translated by Gerard Hopkins—pp. 323, Index and Table of Comparative Dates—*Clarke, Irwin—$3.50.*

M. Sédillot is an historian in the modern manner. The tabulation of dates is incidental in recording events brought about by the confluence of geographical, psychological, or cultural influences. The political history of one country only gains meaning when reference is made to geography, religion, philology, philosophy, the arts and international relationships.

This perspective view of French history will not satisfy the serious reader of history and is not intended for him. It is a good background book, inevitably arbitrary on occasion because of its brevity, but principally a balanced combination of significant detail and penetrating generality.

THE FLAGELLANT OF SEVILLE—by Paul Morand, Translated from the French by Nora Wydenbruck—pp. 349—*Longmans, Green—$2.50.*

This novel, which has the stark intensity of many of Goya's drawings and paintings, describes Seville and Madrid in the bitter days of French occupation. The chief characters are an intellectual Spaniard who welcomed the French under Napoleon's brother, Joseph, and his wife and her family who passionately hated and opposed the French.

The author creates atmosphere in great detail and character in broad, simple strokes in the manner of the solid historical romances that were popular fifty years ago and still make good reading today.

M. A. H.

DOCTOR AT SEA—by Richard Gordon—pp. 219—*Michael Joseph—$2.75.*

Armed with innocence and a copy of *War and Peace*, the author signs on as ship's surgeon of the *Lotus*, "not an unlucky ship, just accident-prone." Her roster of officers has an unbelievable resilience to alcohol, her captain makes Bligh look like a Milquetoast, and altogether the crew and the sea give the doctor a rough time — but a funny one to read about.

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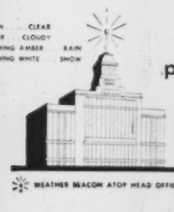

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Art

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THE ART OF Comte Henri-Marie-Raymond de Toulouse-Lautrec-Monfa will never look better than it does today. He has been made the subject of a highly successful film and his aesthetic stock has been sky-rocketed through dealer-sponsored exhibitions. Lautrec is the sensational successor to the Van Gogh craze of a few years back. It seems that we must now accustom ourselves to high-powered campaigns on behalf of dead artists and living international dealers.

In an atmosphere where fashion-wise "collectors" happily spend $12,000 for a drawing by Lautrec, it is difficult to gain any sane perspective on his achievement. In the past, this nineteenth-century artist has been the subject of brusque dismissal or foppish fanfare. The good English painter, Walter Sickert, wrote, in 1928: "Lautrec's place both in drawing and painting was unimportant . . . He 'caught' a manner of painting from Degas, a catch that was badly muffed." More recently, Claude Roger-Marx, one of Lautrec's more passionate and unquestioning admirers, rhapsodized: "The ensemble of lithographs, posters, illustrated books helps us to define the nature of Lautrec's incomparable greatness." Incomparable critical nonsense! Rembrandt, Michelangelo, Titian are now to stand aside until the pale hired hands decide who is to be the next "incomparably great" item in the stockroom.

Lautrec was one of the many "crazy, mixed-up kids" of the late Victorian era when, unless you were an accomplished hypocrite, you were either very good or downright bad. Lautrec was thrown, by physical accident, between the two extremes. His caustic honesty certainly placed him out of bounds to polite society, and it is doubtful if he was ever accepted as more than a likable and well-heeled curiosity by the harpies and sharks of a hungry underworld. His predicament seems to be summed up in his canvas, "At the Moulin Rouge" (Art Institute of Chicago) where we see the dwarf, Lautrec, walking in silent procession with his tall, top-hatted and frock-coated brother past a gregarious group seated comfortably about a bottle of absinthe. He was the legendary man on the tight rope, doubly handicapped by his unwilling stumps.

To drown the sense of his own ludicrous social position, Lautrec lusted frantically after physical experience. An alcoholic and habitué of brothels, the wonder is that his body sustained him as long as it did.

As with Van Gogh, the eccentricity of Lautrec's life became confused with the merits of his art. This has led his critics into certain contradictions. We find his contemporary, Arthur Symons, writing: "Something in the rage of his blood causes at times a disturbance in the very medium and values that he paints with." (One wonders whether this is a matter for the chemist or the psychiatrist.) Symons continues: "He paints with the absolute insolence, the utter cynicism of some Satan, some God who created in mutual antagonism the cruel and adorable world we live in." To read some of Lautrec's commentators, one would suspect that he was a fine artist because of, rather than in spite of, the fact that he was a lecher and an alcoholic. It remains a miracle that, when he finally collapsed, he left behind a large body of paintings and almost 400 lithographs.

It is in his small lithographs that we find Lautrec's talent best exhibited. Recently, visitors to the Art Gallery of Toronto were given a rare opportunity to study this achievement at first hand, when 360 prints from the Ludwig Charell Collection were put on view. Lithography is a demanding medium which, to be effective, requires directness of statement and permits little camouflage. It is a stringent test for the draughtsman and technician. It also permits as dispassionate an appraisal of Lautrec's abilities as is possible.

FROM a technical standpoint, Lautrec is probably the most able lithographer in the history of art. He was a fastidious worker, and gave careful technical thought to all of his printed art, whether it was a poster, menu, songsheet cover, or a limited edition for collectors. Only Whistler rivals him in purity and clarity of lithographic technique. Lautrec labored over the stone with crayon and toothbrush, using the latter to spatter the light silver-grey areas which characterize his prints. It is this intense devotion to craft which endears him to all professional artists. Lautrec might have said, with his fellow lithographer, Redon: "All my plates are but the fruits of an eager analysis of what could be obtained with the thick pencil of a lithographer, aided by paper and stone."

Granting Lautrec's pre-eminence as a print technician, how does he compare as a creative designer with other artists? Here, we must confess, the facts give the lie to the legend. Lautrec may have been one of the great eccentrics of art history, but he is one of the secondary creators. Like Daumier, Lautrec was gifted with an amazing visual memory. But he used his recollections of visual fact to very different ends. Daumier's lithographs reflect his intense belief in the idea of personal freedom and his hatred of a crooked judiciary and government; Lautrec's prints are carefully observed but dispassionate reports of a passing society. There is a laconic air about most of his work and, above all, a spiritual indecision. The result-

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FROM NEW YORK
GROOTE BEER—Nov. 2

ant "objectivity" has been often cited as a virtue, whereas, in reality, it is his refusal to make a personal commentary which is the basic weakness of Lautrec's art. These reports may fit our present fence-sitting, amoral state of mind, torn as we are between whooping it up for this day alone and settling down to the serious business of keeping the world from destroying itself.

Lautrec frequently balked at pictorial problems. In drawing, he repeatedly refuses to cope with the difficult business of hands, by allowing the wrists to flutter out into a vague linear gesture (this is supposed by his admirers to suggest movement) or by simply arranging the figure so that the hands do not appear. Only a victim blinded by the current Lautrec vogue would pretend that this is anything but sloppy draughtsmanship. It is a sloppiness which probably arose, not so much from laziness, as from the artist's realization that his life was being rapidly dissipated and that there was not enough time for more considered expression of the many things he wished to record. Nevertheless, Lautrec's formulae for drapery and physical extremities become a little tiresome when one has to look at them more than 300 times.

When the current huffing and puffing are all done with, and the Lautrec balloon is allowed to deflate to more fitting proportions, we shall doubtless find it floating somewhere above Peter Arno but a long way below Daumier or Watteau.

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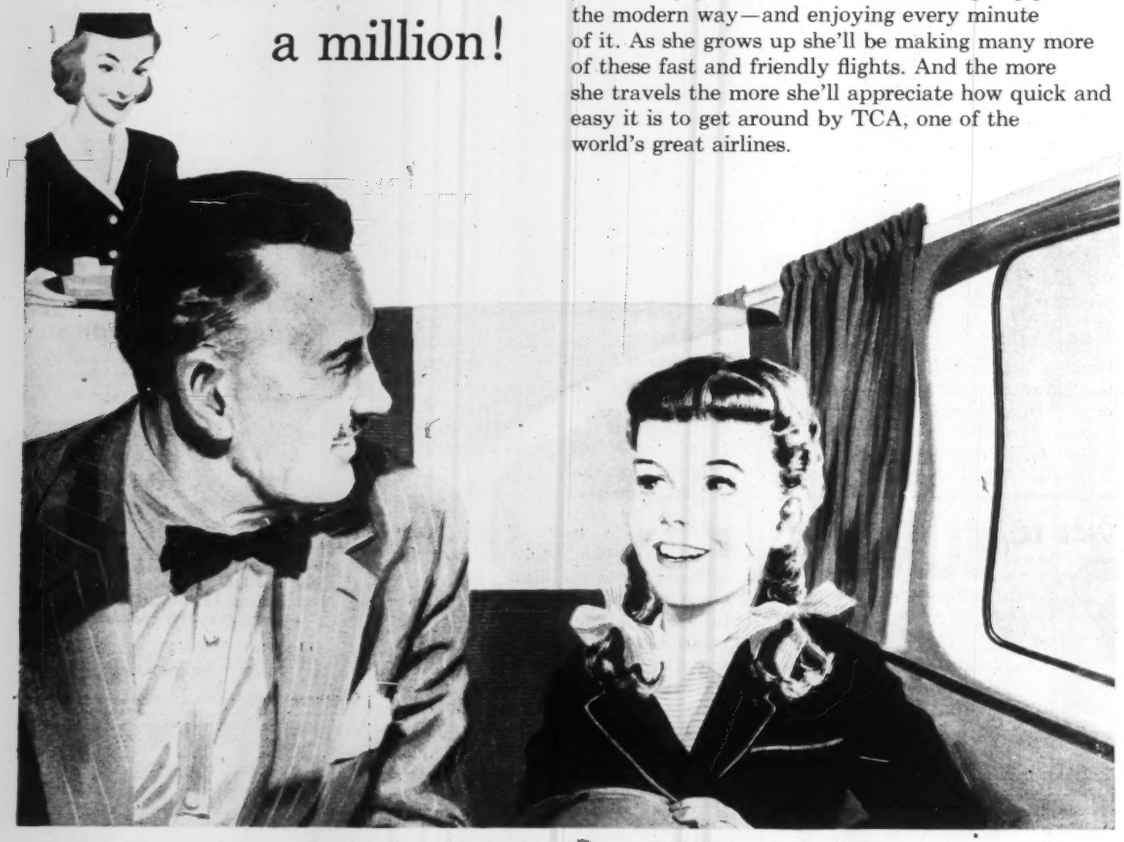

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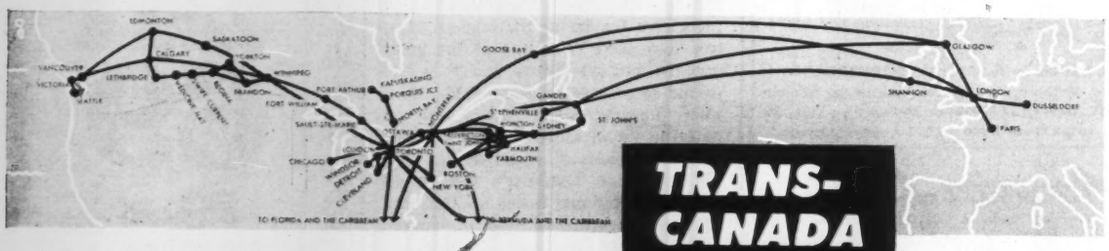

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The Bishop of Oxford: Television is beyond question one of the major factors in the whole intellectual environment of today, and presents problems of the first importance in the moral, psychological and education spheres. This is all the more reason why the experimental possibilities of private enterprise should not be stifled by public monopoly, however benevolent and progressive it may be.

Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart: "I have spent the best years of my life in foreign countries and in my attempt to make myself a dispassionate observer of the foreign scene I have learnt that every man must be prepared to admit that he may be mistaken. I am therefore opposed to extremists; in particular, to these forms of fanaticism and dogma which claim that the end justifies the worst means. I believe in religious, racial and political tolerance, provided that it does not sink into apathy. I have reservations about the inevitability of human progress, nor can I accept the theory that mechanical invention necessarily adds to human happiness. Experience, too, has taught me that much harm has been done to our world by ignorant men of goodwill."

Victoria Times: Every Victorian must have drawn a long sigh of relief on hearing that it was only a sunfish after all. For if the "something" in the fishermen's nets had been Cadborosaurus we would have lost the famous resident of these parts. We would have murdered one of our best friends. If this is sad for the sunfish family, how much worse it would have been for the civilization of Canada if Caddy had turned up in the net! That civilization does not contain so many distinguished characters that we can afford to waste them. A sea serpent is useful and perhaps is viable only when he remains uncaught—and not seen very often either.

New York Times: To the practical minded progress no doubt is a good thing. The airplane is faster than the car, and that in turn can beat the horse. So can the tractor, on the farm. To the practical all of this is good, for speed is time and time is money, and there is indeed little enough of that commodity lying about free for the picking. But progress renders old friends obsolete, removing them from their labors and placing them in museums, there to attract only the pitying eye of the sentimental. Consider the children, just under their 'teens, whose view of the world is one based on speed and TV. How many of them ever have seen a team of work horses, let alone that even more vanished thing, a yoke of oxen? In history books, yes, along with pictures of departed statesmen and battles, and of the ruins of other civilizations. But in experience, in life, very few, and of those few almost all in the country and probably on only a single day of the year—at the time of the Fall fair.

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Sports

How Max Became Rich

MAX BELL, the Western Canadian newspaper publisher and sportsman, probably never would have been wealthy and successful if he hadn't met me. Little did Bell realize that good fortune was staring him in the face when he was introduced to a bespectacled, stoop-shouldered whelp of 17 on the Canadian Pacific station platform in Winnipeg.

Neither of us realized that it was one of those cataclysmic moments which shape men's destiny—a moment such as that in which Dick Whittington and his cat heard the Bow Bells of London or Julius Caesar crossed the Rubicon or the New York Yankees signed Casey Stengel as manager.

This meeting had not been planned on Olympus. Rather, it had been planned by our respective fathers. Bell's father was publishing a newspaper in Regina and the son was en route to Montreal for his second year of study at McGill University. I was living in Winnipeg and was about to begin my own brilliant career at McGill, where I established some sort of an educational record by occupying the same desk for three years. Owing to the fact that, in the past, I had jumped bail from a long series of boarding schools, my father thought it expedient that I should be escorted to McGill by someone older and wiser, just in case I attempted to leave the train at Ignace, Espanola or Chapleau.

More than likely there was some exchange of currency or stock between our fathers but Max Bell was assigned the task of guiding me around the pitfalls of Montreal. Lucky old Max!

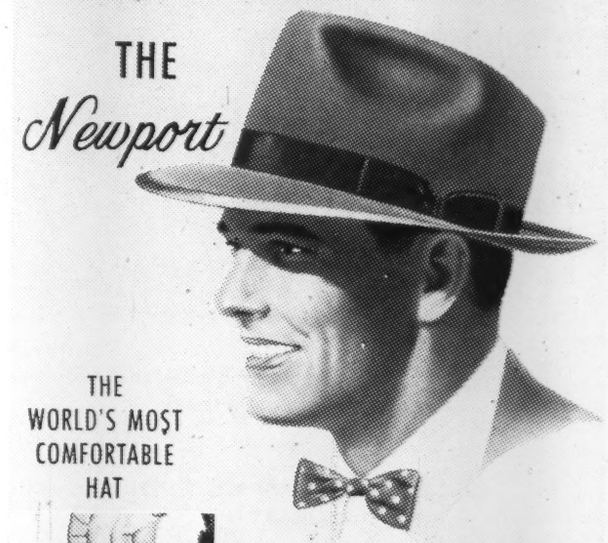
As I remember, Max took it like a man. He even managed a wan smile when we were introduced and he kicked me only once, very lightly, as we ascended the train steps and my parents clattered away, chuckling over the prospect that I was unlikely to be expelled and return to haunt them before Christmas.

It was somewhere along the north shore of Lake Superior that Max Bell reached the turning point in his life. I was moodily sucking my thumb and perusing a copy of that estimable publication known as the *National Turf Digest*. It was through the agency of this publication that I had just completed a coup, having wagered a $6 combination on an unlikely beast named Willow Tree which had showed startling speed at Polo Park two afternoons previously and paid $109.60 across the board.

More out of politeness than anything else, Bell asked what I was studying so earnestly. With the patience of a mother explaining single-digit multiplication to a backward child, I explained to him how a study of the Montee Onliwon Ratings had enabled me to select Willow Tree, a

Biltmore

THE *Newport*



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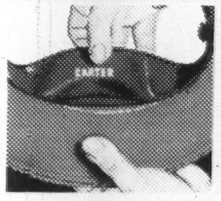

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FRED HUNT, F.C.I.S.,
Secretary.

steed which had been ignored by less studious wagerers.

Bell's eyes dilated, his nostrils quivered, his hands shook as he reached for the magazine. Realizing that I could postpone, for a few days, my eventual incarceration in McGill, I whispered to him that we would arrive in Montreal just in time for a race meeting at Delormier Park.

From that moment, Bell was a gone goose.

Looking back on it, I realize that, if he hadn't met me, Max Bell might have become a chartered accountant or the operator of a tannery or, even worse, he might have become a Western Canada politician. Instead, he became a gambler and a race-tracker. Lucky old Max!

From the viewpoint of a teacher, Max Bell was a most rewarding student. In no time at all he progressed from the *National Turf Digest* to the more erudite columns of the *Daily Racing Form* and, very shortly, he graduated *summa cum laude* in Speed Charts. He experimented incessantly. At one time, in his experiments, while attempting to separate Equipoise and Faireno in his speed calculations, he came close to dividing the atom—long before the nuclear fissionists were near a solution.

In taking credit for Bell's present affluence and success, I must make a modest bow in the direction of Jockey Longden, who was of some minor assistance. Longden, who became a close friend of Bell shortly after the latter's departure from McGill, taught the student some of the verities of the turf. For instance, Longden taught him that certain speedy horses could be detained on certain afternoons by certain strong-armed jockeys. I could have taught Bell this myself, of course, but in his formative period I did not wish to shake his faith in human nature.

Max Bell is considered to be something of a "Mystery Man" in financial circles but he never has been any "Mystery Man" to me. Anyone who had his faculty for computing the speed variant in the Santa Anita and Belmont Park tracks while feigning keen interest in his hostess across a formal dinner table would be certain to become a financial tycoon.

At the present moment he operates three daily newspapers, his oil drillers are reputed to be working in every corner of Alberta, including the men's room of the Macdonald Hotel, and he is reported to be attempting to gain control of the hoary and mighty Hudson's Bay Company. On top of this, in partnership with three business associates, he is operating Canada's most prosperous racing stable. This season, his horses have won more than $300,000 in purses.

When he acquired control of a Calgary newspaper during the depression, it is likely that he did so because ownership of the journal gave him access to the United Press racing wire which brought him flash results, entries, scratches and approximate odds from every American track.

Then there was the little matter of those musty old oil stock certificates which were lying around when he was untangling his father's estate. Prudence suggested that they should be disposed of, painlessly, in the same manner as one would dispose of an aged, crippled gelding. But Bell examined the stock certificates and then consulted his speed charts, the Canadian stock market indices for the past 20 years and a set of lunar tables. His investigations convinced him that the stock certificates were a "sleeper", so he put them back in the safe and went off to enjoy the winter racing at Santa Anita. The gamble has paid off at odds which variously are quoted as 100-to-1 or 200-to-1—at any rate, it was what is known in racing circles as "a very nice price."

Bell went to England last year, and just so that he could test his speed charts on the unfamiliar turf courses, he purchased a horse named Indian Hemp to run in The Derby at Epsom. Indian Hemp didn't win The Derby, but Bell brought him to America and he has won purses to three times the value of his purchase price. In order that Indian Hemp wouldn't be lonely on his airplane trip across the Atlantic, Bell paid $20,000 for a horse named Royal Serenade to accompany him.

Royal Serenade won more than $150,000 this season before a case of housemaid's knee forced him into temporary retirement. With the exception of Native Dancer and Tom Fool, Royal Serenade could be the best horse in America. And breeding experts have put a value of $300,000 on him as a stud prospect.

Well, as I look back on it, I realize that I gave Bell a good start. All a man needs to achieve success is that shrewd word of advice or that gentle prod in the right direction at the propitious moment. As I sit writing this piece, I am confronted by a framed photograph of Bell in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot. He is wearing a top hat and a Prince Albert coat. My boy finally made it.

Like Mr. Chips, I take pleasure in thinking of these things as I sit before my Quebec heater in the evenings. Every time that Royal Serenade wins another race or Bell's oil-drillers hit another gusher, I put another gold star against the name of Max Bell in the book in which I have listed my better pupils.

But no true teacher sits back, content to dwell on past successes. There is much work still to be done. Every day offers new opportunities for guidance of those who are nearing a crossroad.

Now, for instance, I have taken a job with the Ontario Jockey Club. This job, I believe, will give me an opportunity to assist in furthering the business career of another very promising young man named E. P. Taylor.

JIM COLEMAN

•

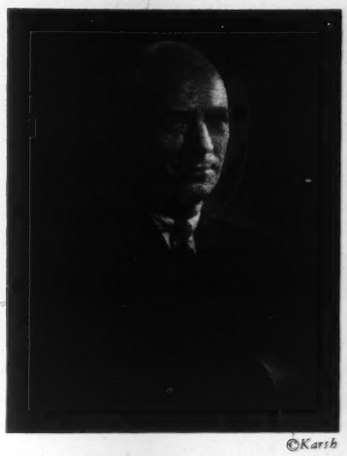
Often called one of the world's greatest swimmers, Young was voted Canada's greatest in the half a century by a Canadian Press poll last year. After his Catalina victory he returned to Toronto where he had been raised amidst the acclaim of 75,000 enthusiastic Torontonians.—*Toronto Telegram.*

Makes for a noisy childhood, that sort of thing.

Business

The Trouble in Textiles: A National Problem

By G. BLAIR GORDON



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MR. GORDON, who is President of the Dominion Textile Company Ltd.

NOT SINCE the boom period of the late 1920's has the Canadian textile industry been so out of step with the general atmosphere of prosperity as it has been for the past two years. From the middle of 1951 onward the industry in all its phases, with few exceptions, has been hard pressed to dispose of its output, even at prices which have not reflected rising labor costs and other higher manufacturing expenses. Financial results have shown all too clearly the impact on company earnings of less than full scale operations and marginal prices. Companies in every primary section of the industry, cotton, woollen and synthetics, have been forced to reduce or forego dividend payments, and the market value of textile securities has reacted accordingly.

Such an anomalous state of affairs in a period when other industries have been enjoying favorable conditions cannot help but create a feeling of uncertainty and dissatisfaction in the public mind. The question naturally arises as to the reasons which may account for these unhappy conditions, and whether the future holds any prospect of a return to better things for this industry.

When business first took a downturn about half way through 1951, the logical explanation seemed to be that this was accounted for by a surfeit of goods in the channels of distribution as a result of the buying splurge which followed the outbreak of hostilities in Korea in June, 1950. It was assumed, at least so far as the Canadian scene was concerned, that, once stocks of goods in distributors' hands had been reduced to normal, the regular needs of the trade would again produce a satisfactory flow of orders to the mills. There is no reason to believe that this thinking was unsound, but one important difference has come about, namely, that while the demand has revived, the goods have been supplied to a much greater extent by imports and not by the Canadian mills.

The downtrend in the textile industry which came about in 1951 was not peculiar to Canada, but seemed to occur more or less concurrently in many of the major textile manufacturing countries, including the United Kingdom and the U.S.A. A marked decline took place in American prices, and as there was no corresponding change in the cost of raw materials, this decline was at the expense of mill margins and earnings.

In the autumn of 1951 the Canadian dollar was freed of exchange control and allowed to seek its own level relative to the U.S. dollar and other currencies. In the course of a few months it rose to a premium of nearly 5 per cent over the U.S. dollar, which had the practical effect of reducing by a quarter to a third the customs duties on such imported textile items as cotton yarns and fabrics.

Since early 1952 the American mills have been in a position to take full advantage of the opportunity to ship cotton goods into the Canadian market, and the rising tide of imports has afforded concrete evidence of their eagerness and ability to do so. The most severe price competition has undoubtedly arisen in cases where American mills were disposing of goods at extremely low values in relation to their own costs of production, and this has been a widespread condition in offerings to the Canadian market.

In 1948 the Canadian Customs Act was amended to subordinate the cost of production in the country of origin as a criterion of value for duty purposes; since then American exporters of goods need only certify that the prices at which the goods are being sold to the Canadian market have also been used in the U.S.A. An American manufacturer, by selling goods at sacrifice prices in his home market in a number of instances, is thereby in a position to follow the same course on a large scale in Canada.

British manufacturers of woollen and worsted fabrics, with much lower wage costs than Canadian mills, have also increased their shipments to Canada very substantially in the current year. Canadian producers have found it increasingly difficult to place any volume of orders on their books, although they have been offering well-styled goods at competitive prices. As in the cotton and synthetic fields, buyers have not been disposed to make anything but short-term commitments where supplies have been so readily available and when there were no definite indications of price increases looming in the future. The industry must practise drastic curtailment of production to keep a manageable inventory position.

The Federal Government must be well aware of this condition since the manufacturers have repeatedly made their situation known during the past two years, while labor organizations have also added their protests in recent months. The attitude in Ottawa has been pretty much to let matters run their course and to take the stand that a turn for the better is bound to come sooner or later. A firming-up of prices in the countries now affording the most severe competition could, of course, have beneficial results, but that may be a matter of wishful thinking rather than an actual happening in the foreseeable future.

Organized textile labor in Canada is asking for further wage increases on the grounds, it would seem, that such is the pattern in other industries. The only sure economic salvation for the Canadian textile industry is to produce goods at a cost which can withstand low-priced competition, but in a business where manufacturing wages are the major item in the cost of production no appreciable headway can be made in cost reduction without making a saving in the wage content of the product. Such a saving can be effected without sacrifice of take-home pay if labor works closely with management in obtaining the greatest possible return from the investment in man-hours and machinery.

Canadian Airways

THIS SCENE is typical of many small towns in Canada: a bright, clean little community built around a textile mill—in this case Magog, in Quebec, with the mills of the Dominion Textile Company, Limited, in the foreground.

THE PLIGHT of the textile industry is not a hopeless one, nor can it be allowed to become so. The dependence of Canadians on this industry as a basic supplier of national requirements has been demonstrated in the continuing developments of the country and in the emergencies of war years. A situation already perilous cannot persist much longer without calling for more certain remedies than the concerns in the industry have found so far. Either official action to re-establish the position of the domestic industry in the Canadian market, or important savings in unit production costs, or both, will have to occur.

It must be the earnest hope of everyone concerned that, before irreparable damage is done, the present disastrous trend will be checked and a start made towards a level of activity where the industry will be sharing in the general prosperity of the country. Certainly within the industry, by investment in the most efficient equipment, advanced styling and aggressive promotion, everything has been done with available resources to reach such a position.

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Gold & Dross

Fundy Bay

AS A SUBSCRIBER, *I would ask you for information as to the possibilities, marketwise, of Fundy Bay Copper Mines, in which I hold shares. —J. A. B., Moncton, NB.*

This company must be rated as very much in the prospect class. Although it has several groups of claims in various areas, exploration has apparently not proceeded beyond the surface stage.

Financing is still under way, and the latest agreement shows that the underwriters have agreed to purchase 100,000 shares at 25 cents and 700,000 shares in three blocks of 200,000 at 25, 30 and 35 cents per share, payable within 3, 8 and 9 months and a block of 100,000 shares at 40 cents, payable within 12 months from September 8 of this year.

From this, it appears that the efforts of the underwriters to market their stock should produce some activity in the stock. News from the properties will likely be available as a stimulant.

As this stock is not listed on any exchange, it is impossible to follow its price action, but from the usual pattern followed by promotion stocks it should be considered as a subject for quick profit-taking if and when a price advance appears.

Wesberta Oils

SOME TIME AGO, *I was persuaded to buy shares in a company known as Wesberta Oils Ltd. I am unable to find out anything about this company. Is it still in existence? What are the shares currently worth? Should I sell? Can I sell?—J. R. H., Scarborough, Ont.*

Wesberta Oils is a small company which at last report held some 20 acres in the Blackfoot area and 400 acres in the general Leduc area of Alberta. No reports have been received as to any drilling activity under way on the properties and it appears that the company may be classified as dormant.

The stock is currently offered at 25 cents without a bid on the unlisted market. Selling is therefore impossible.

Chemical & Cellulose

CAN YOU TELL *me anything about the progress of Canadian Chemical and Cellulose? I have been informed that this company has now turned the corner and that the outlook from now on should be considerably brighter.—R. W., Owen Sound, Ont.*

The interim report of Canadian Chemical and Cellulose Co. Ltd. for the six months ended June 30 shows a net profit of $268,784, compared with a net loss of $1,087,146 in the six months to Dec. 31, 1952, and a net loss of $1,047,543 in the first six months of 1952. Net sales in the period were $9,256,188, compared with $7,495,872 in the previous six months and $6,172,833 in the corresponding half of 1952.

The statement shows results of operations of Columbia Cellulose Co. Ltd. and of the sawmills operated by Celgar Development Co. Ltd., but not of the Edmonton plant of Canadian Chemical Co. Ltd., as that subsidiary did not begin operations until July.

Customary non-recurring start-up expenses will affect this year's results and the current statement is, therefore, not indicative of the probable consolidated net result of operations for the full 1953 year.

Robert Mitchell

I PURCHASED *some Robert Mitchell Company Ltd. at 21. With the stock presently quoted at 40, I am wondering whether to hold the stock or sell at this level.—A. L. C., Victoria, BC.*

A study of the financial reports of this company indicates it is in an excellent financial position. The company, heavily engaged in defence work besides its other lines of endeavor, which cover a broad range from kitchen equipment to aircraft castings, appears to be able to maintain a reasonable rate of earnings for some time to come.

The vulnerable point is whether defence spending will continue on such a grand scale and whether a general decline in business activity would reduce profits from the other lines.

At the present price of 40, the $2.50 dividend now being paid provides a yield of 6.2 per cent. While this is good from the point of view of income, the thought of protecting the excellent capital gain you now have should also be considered.

We seem to be facing a period of business readjustment, therefore, the best course would be to sell the stock and reinvest the funds in high grade bonds, where yields of around 5 per cent can be obtained. The loss of about one per cent in income seems worthwhile from the view of protecting your capital and assuring you income.

There is an old saying that stocks should be sold when they look their best and bought when they look their worst. It seems applicable now.

Dominion Asbestos

WHAT IS YOUR *opinion of buying Dominion Asbestos at the present market?—W. T. E., Alderwood, Ont.*

With all the problems of marketing and financing that Dominion Asbestos is facing at the present time, the answer to your question must be no. The present price of 46 cents, which marks the low to which the stock has tumbled from the high of 4.25, is evidence enough of how the hopes that were entertained for this company have been dissolved. Asbestos, except for the very high grades, is in

plentiful supply throughout the world. Several producers in Africa have had to shut down because of the decline in both prices and demand for the lower grades of asbestos.

The marketing and manufacturing facilities that the large, long established producers have built up over the years make it difficult for small producers to market their production except at the times when demand is very high.

In addition to the rather discouraging outlook for sales and earnings, it appears the company has encountered considerable financial difficulties. This is evident from the fact that 70,000 shares were issued in payment of a contract with Harrison and Co. for mining and stripping, 30,000 shares in payment of $30,000 cash received from International Asbestos and 100,000 shares in payment of $115,000 due to Standard Electric Co. Although no balance sheet is available, these facts seem quite significant. The cancelling of the outstanding options on the stock last August and the sharp decline in the stock strengthen the estimate of financial difficulties.

Finally, if the 200,000 shares that were issued have not been sold by the companies mentioned above, they will provide a very difficult obstacle to any attempt at recovery made by the stock. Without the help of a sponsor to stimulate market action or the advent of some evidence of profitable operation, the heavy weight of supply of stock overhead will limit market activity. The risks outweigh the possible profit that might be made from a speculative purchase here.

Goodfish

FOR MANY YEARS *I have held shares of Goodfish Mines and lately have noticed some activity in the stock. Would you kindly advise me of the prospects for this company? —W. J. M., Vancouver.*

From the present quotation of 4 cents, work on the uranium prospect, of which six claims are held in the Beaverlodge area of Saskatchewan, apparently has not produced very satisfactory results.

The option agreement, which came into being after the increase in the share capital from 3½ to 4½ million, has been terminated after the option on 200,000 shares at 10 cents, due last June, was not exercised.

Unless another underwriting agreement to finance further exploration work can be negotiated, which seems unlikely at the present time due to the present low ebb of public interest in speculative stocks, the possibility of the company providing any news of speculative interest seems rather faint, and the general prospects appear anything but bright.

Harricana Gold

I WOULD *appreciate your opinion on Harricana Gold Mine. What is the financial position of the company? Would they have to reorganize to finance a mill? — R. H. M. Moncton, NB.*

The balance sheet of this company at Dec. 31, 1952, showed cash of $8,069 and current liabilities of approximately $1,000. Investments were: 9,000 shares of Anacon Lead; 164,000 of Keyboycon Mines; 127,500 of Ladulama Mines; 4,500 of Montaubon Mines; 620,000 of Anson Cartwright; 10,000 of Fab Metals.

At present market quotations, it is evident that no great sum could be obtained for these stocks and the total would be insufficient to pay for much more than general exploration work. With all of the authorized share capital issued, a reorganization would definitely be required before a mill could be financed.

With the present prices of base metals forcing many producing companies to curtail their operations and re-assess their ore reserve position, it is obvious that companies now exploring the Bathurst area will have to locate very large deposits of high grade ore to justify the expenditure of the money required to bring mines to the production stage.

Thus Harricana can be rated only as a speculative prospect, an estimate confirmed by the market quotation of 12 cents. Neither purchase nor retention of these shares seems advisable.

In Brief

SHOULD I BUY, *sell or hold St. Simeon Uranium?—T. M. P., Montreal.*
If you have a profit, take it.

CAN YOU *tell me if the shares of New Golden Rose Mines are of any value?—C. G., Montreal.*
No value.

WHAT IS *your opinion of Foster Ledge Gold Mines?—J. B., Calgary.*
Wallpaper.

WHAT SHOULD *I do with 400 shares of Albedina Oils?—C. W., St. John, NB.*
Sell them, if you can.

SHOULD I *continue to hold my shares in Petrol Oil and Gas?—W. M., Trail, BC.*
Yes.

WOULD YOU *advise purchasing more shares of Paige Petroleum to average down the price of my present holdings?—F. H., Vancouver.*
Not advisable.

WHAT ARE *the prospects for Longrose Gold Mines?—J. B., Calgary.*
Practically nil. The mine has been idle since 1948.

ARE SHARES *of Allied Mines Syndicate of any value?—R. L., Montreal.*
As wallpaper only. The charter was annulled in 1946.

CAN YOU *give me some information on New Red Lake Centre Gold Mines? —F. D. M., Toronto.*
Dormant for years; no apparent value.

•

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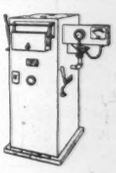

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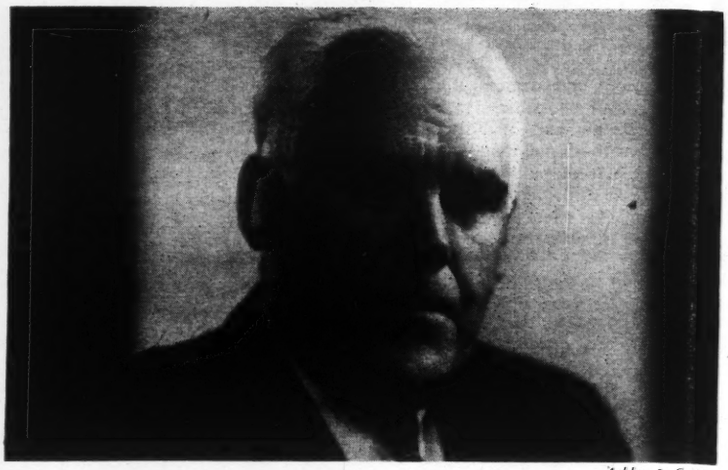

Ashley & Crippen

TOM EADIE of the Bell

Who's Who in Business

IT IS DOUBTFUL if there is any business so consistently under the public eye and whose services are so much taken for granted as those of the telephone company; in Canada, which saw the birth of the telephone, there are almost 3,000 different systems. They range from the tiny interfarm systems in rural areas to the Bell Telephone Company of Canada which employs 30,000 people and owns well over half the instruments in the country.

This summer, Bell Telephone acquired a new President: Thomas Wardrope Eadie, a towering man with white hair and black bushy eyebrows, who has been with the Bell all his working life, has watched its assets grow from $77 million in 1923 to $700 million, and its subscribers increase to more than two million.

He is a telephone user who retains the courtesies that the instrument, ironically, has helped to outmode. The busy executive's penchant for calling a client and keeping him waiting is not one of the habits of Bell's chief executive, who makes most of his calls himself, announcing, "Tom Eadie of the Bell," in firm, clear tones.

Born in Ottawa, the son of a Scots-born Presbyterian minister, he first joined the company on the mechanical side 30 years ago after graduating from McGill University in Civil Engineering. In line with Bell practice, he spent the first few years acquiring a thorough knowledge of how the telephone actually worked. He can still repair a faulty instrument.

As the company increased in size, it developed in technical achievement; as the young engineer worked his way up through the engineering and then the administrative departments, mechanical techniques changed from the primitive to the near-miraculous.

In 1923, even local calls had to be made by an operator. In 1953, the new president can foresee the day when even international calls may be dialled from a street booth; the increasing use of micro-waves is, in some areas, eliminating the need for cable completely. "Up in the north, for example, there would seem to be a great field for this type of expansion," he says optimistically.

In the First World War, Tom Eadie had served with the Royal Canadian Naval Air Service but when World War II began, his job as General Plant Manager of the company's Western area was a key position and at times during the subsequent busy years, his traditional patience was severely tested. When the war ended, however, he returned to Montreal headquarters to become Assistant Vice-President (Operations) and moved up to be Vice-President two years later.

Since he took over the presidency four months ago, his spare time has dwindled sharply and further inroads have been made upon it by his personal decision to tour some of the centres served by Bell, meeting industrialists, editors and businessmen to whom a telephone is indispensable.

He attributes these recent travels to a desire to learn about other aspects of the company's activities but the fact is that *everything* to do with telephones has a fascination for him. This is plain from the questions he asks everywhere he goes: "How do you react if you call a number and can't get your party right away?" he will inquire. "Are you bothered if an operator should informally say 'Okay'?"

Back at his home in Westmount, Quebec, Bell's 55-year-old president does a little gardening and occasionally goes off on golf trips. His wife, Gladys and geologist daughter, Dorothy, share his preference for holidays in the Fall.

JOHN WILCOCK

Short Selling

WHENEVER THE stock markets suffer a series of sharp breaks, such as we have seen recently, the practice of short selling comes under a barrage of public criticism. To a public accustomed only to buying and holding stocks, the activities of the shorts are either despised or deplored. Yet the presence of short sales is the surest guarantee that there is a market for the stock and that there are buyers when other want to sell.

Once the mechanics of short selling are understood, it does not appear so formidable. At its simplest, it is merely selling before buying in a direct reversal of the usual procedure. For an analogy let us consider the case of a man ordering and paying for a custom made suit. The tailor evidently does not have the suit to deliver and may only have a sample of the cloth in his possession. Still the bargain is made against the promise to deliver the suit to the owner at some future date.

Technically the short selling of stocks follows a similar pattern in the following steps. The broker is instructed to sell short 1,000 shares of Blue Sky Oil. This he does at the price of the last board lot sale. He then arranges to borrow 1,000 shares of the stock from a bank or broker willing to accommodate so that delivery to the buyer can be made. When the seller decides to complete the trade, his broker purchases 1,000 shares upon the floor of the exchange and delivers them to the lender.

The reason why stock is available for borrowing is that the lending broker receives the full market value of the stock at that time instead of the loan value (usually half the market price) available from the banks. This reduces the lending broker's need for bank loans to carry stocks purchased on margin.

The short seller, usually known as a "bear" in the quaint terminology of the markets, performs some useful functions, despite the general opinion that the practice is evil and destructive rather than constructive in nature. The bear, by selling short when he considers the stock has risen far beyond its basic value, serves to dampen the efforts of the promoters who are attempting to push the stock as high as possible while distributing it to the public. Heavy short selling at such points prevents promotion stocks from being driven right up into the blue where they will be purchased by the unwary.

Later when the distribution of the optioned stock has been completed and the stock is on the long way down the bear will be available as a buyer when the forced selling from exhausted margin accounts brings a deluge of offerings and only a scattering of bids.

Short selling is not always constructive; there are abuses of course. Stocks are sometimes hammered down by extensive short selling so that large blocks can be accumulated cheaply if margin selling is forced. But good stocks are hard to drive down, competition for the "bargain" soon appears. This heightens the risk of short selling.

The bear must be a better than average speculator who must have the courage to swim against the tide of general enthusiasm when the public is buying "any old thing." He must have greater foresight in estimating possible future developments and greater ability in estimating and analyzing market action. If his interpretation is correct, he makes a profit, and if it is wrong, he must take his loss by purchasing what he has sold at a higher price. One thing is sure, he must buy what he has sold sooner or latter. As old Daniel Drew, one of the great market operators of long ago, who loved to squeeze the shorts in his Erie shares, was fond of quoting, "He who sells what isn't his'n must buy it back or go to pris'n."

W. P. SNEAD

See how the Greens of St. Thomas used LINOLEUM... to decorate their floors

"Friends ask us how we planned our patterns and got the colors to blend so well from room to room," says Mrs. Green, of St. Thomas, Ontario. "One reason is that my husband is an architect—*that* helped a lot. But even more important was the wonderful range of choice provided by Dominion Linoleum. We developed our own ideas, then talked them over with our local dealer. We can only say that everything worked out beautifully."

1953 FASHIONS FOR HOMES

Note the subtle variety the Greens achieved with a few well-balanced colors, clever variations of pattern, and simple insets. Here are their choices:

KITCHEN: Red Marboleum M/54 and green Marboleum M/11.

LIVING ROOM: Green Jaspé Handicraft J/763; gray Jaspé Handicraft J/764; red Jaspé tile J/720.

DINING ROOM: Green Jaspé Handicraft J/763; gray Jaspé tile J/723; red Jaspé tile J/720.

Like the Greens and many, many other modern-thinking Canadian couples, *you* can bring extra charm and convenience into *your* home—by using Dominion Inlaid Linoleum throughout. For kitchen, bathroom, playroom or hallway, take full advantage of its tremendous scope in color. Here, the gay and warm part of your personality can come forth. For bedrooms, and living room, there are soft, neutral grays and browns, subtle pastels. Remember, Dominion linoleum floors are permanently resilient, enduringly beautiful, satin-smooth for easy, swish-of-the-mop cleaning—the perfect flooring for "functional" living. No finer, more practical floors are made . . . *anywhere*. Enjoy them in your new or present home. Have us send you our illustrated planning booklets; you'll find them full of ideas on floor design, other decorating details. Write Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Co. Limited, Home Planning Department, 2200 St. Catherine St. E., Montreal.

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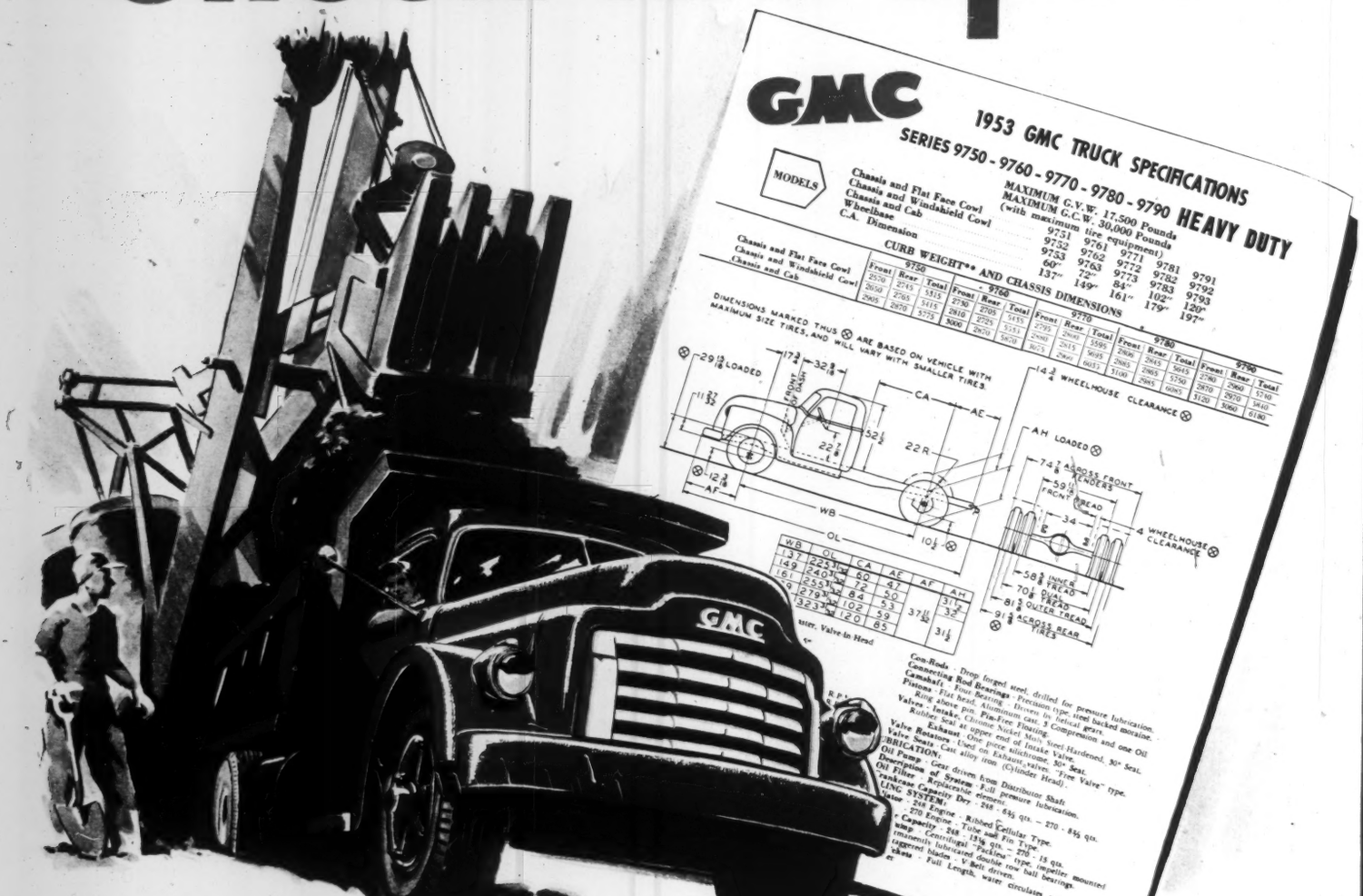
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(with maximum tire equipment)
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137" 149" 161" 179" 197"
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Valves - Intake - Chrome Nickel Steel - Hardened, 30° Seat.
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Exhaust - Cast silicon iron (Cylinder Head) - Free Valve" type.
Valve Rotators - One piece silchrome. 30° Seat.
Valve Seats - Cast on Exhaust valves.
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Current Account

The Economic Climate

SINCE THE END of World War II the Canadian economy has grown at a rate that has overshadowed all previous records. It is only to be expected, therefore, that such record strides of the nation as a whole would be reflected in growth of the parts that go to make it up. Viewing the changes that have taken place during the last eight to ten years our attention is directed to the variations in the rate of growth that has been going on, for example, in oil production as contrasted with agriculture, in manufacturing as compared with fishing. The unevenness in our growth reflected in varying levels in business activity must be accepted as an inherent characteristic of our present day society and in viewing the business scene these variations must be kept in mind.

The growth of our country's output has been accompanied by variations in the occupations and location of the Canadian population. During the first half of this century a rapid process of urbanization has gone on. In 1951, 62 per cent of the Canadian population lived in urban areas as contrasted to 37 per cent fifty years ago. This is a surprisingly high proportion in view of the vast extent of the country and its big agricultural output.

The relatively large expenditures on consumer goods and services today reflect this country's rising standard of living. In 1952 consumer expenditures amounted to $14.3 billion, an increase of $10.4 billion or 267 per cent over the 1939 expenditures. During this same period, the Canadian population increased approximately 25 per cent as a result of high birth rates, a substantial flow of immigration since the war, and the addition of Newfoundland to Confederation. This population increase, the price changes and the higher incomes were the major contributors to the growth in personal spending. On a per capita basis personal expenditures on consumer goods and services very nearly tripled in dollar terms. It may be said that Canadians, on an average, have improved their real standard of living during the past 25 years by over 50 per cent. They have been able to buy better clothing, higher quality food, live in more comfortable homes and enjoy more leisure with fewer working hours.

Of all the components of National Expenditure, investment in housing, plant and equipment (excluding Government) has shown the greatest increase since the immediate pre-war period. In 1952 it was 684 per cent higher than in 1939 and 419 per cent higher than in 1945. In 1952, in money values, this investment amounted to some $4 billion, indicating that Canada is devoting a very high percentage of her national production to capital expansion. The increasing rate of capital formation in this country has meant not only more goods and services for home consumption but also a larger volume for export in return for imports.

Canada's 1952 "favorable" balance of external merchandise trade was $325 million against an "unfavorable" balance of $122 million in 1951. Imports and exports alike increased in volume by some 12 per cent from 1951 to 1952. But while the prices received for Canada's exports fell on an average by 2 per cent, the prices paid by Canada for her imports fell on an average by 12 per cent. Thus the recent change in Canada's balance of merchandise trade is chiefly the result of price changes. The 1952 export figures show, however, a desirable trend toward diversification of markets and products on the export side.

Close to 20 per cent of the Canadian national output is exported. This means that Canadian prosperity, and with it the ability of Canadians to buy in the home market, is influenced in no small measure by what may happen in the countries to which we sell.

IN SPITE of increased domestic production, the ratio of commodity imports to Gross National Production has remained high. In fact, the increasing degree of industrialization in Canada has made her not a poorer but a better customer of other nations. Over the past six years the ratio of imports to Gross National Production has varied from 17 per cent to 19 per cent. Of interest is the fact that last year about 54 per cent of our total imports consisted of manufactured goods, compared to 25 per cent for the United States, with machinery the most important item, particularly the highly specialized types.

Although the industrial sector forms the major part of the Canadian market we must not minimize the importance of direct consumption. In 1951 imports of consumer goods amounted to no less than $815 million, 20 per cent of total imports. Such imports range in type from automobiles and household appliances to clothing and foods. However, more and more of the every-day needs of the Canadian people are being met from Canadian production.

In looking to the months ahead, and because of our dependence on international trade, it is impossible to predict with any certainty what is in store for us as regards a continuing expansion of business, and if such expansion does continue at what rate it will do so. It perhaps may well be concluded that the Canadian market, as well as the American market, is a growing one. However, the degree of growth depends to a great extent on the ability of merchandisers to sell the continuously increasing output that both nations are capable of producing. We may in the course of time become less vulnerable to external influences because of increasing population and a growing diversification in our economy. For example, the growth of the oil, natural gas, and the non-ferrous metals industries is helping the prairies to lessen their dependence upon wheat, and the growing pulp and paper industry in British Columbia is making that province less dependent upon its foreign lumber market. But these trends can hardly be viewed as insulation against changes in demand (or supply) and hence price changes in other countries.

Last year consumer spending reached its peak ($14.3 billion) in both value and real terms. A significant factor in the strength of this consumer demand has been a continuing rise in real personal income, which also reached a new peak. Labor and other incomes are at present above the 1952 average, and, of course, depending on the attitude of the consumer, the level of domestic purchasing should continue to be high.

GREATER capital expenditures appear to be in sight for the months ahead with private and public investment intentions suggesting that capital spending may reach $5.4 billion or six per cent above the 1952 figure. Record sums have been spent on developing resources, expanding industries and building houses and other facilities, yet there are many new tasks to be tackled. These include the St. Lawrence Seaway, power developments in Quebec, Ontario and British Columbia, the building of oil and natural gas pipelines, the expansion of air and railway transportation and a national highways system. There are plans for new industries to be established, existing ones to be expanded, new homes to be built for the growing population, and so on. This all adds up to heavy capital expenditures in prospect over the next few years, with a particularly marked increase in the construction field.

A record total of exports was reached in 1952. Despite currency and other difficulties involved, the less developed countries need capital goods and other manufactured articles to raise the productive efficiency of their economies. These are important considerations for Canada.

The three levels of government spent a peacetime record of $4.2 billion on goods and services in 1952. This figure included Federal government expenditures for defence of over $1.8 billion. All government expenditures, including those to satisfy military commitments, are expected to continue at high levels.

By way of a concluding note it is essential that we keep our attention focussed on the international trade. This possibility is the most vulnerable factor in the currently buoyant picture. We must lend our voice and our influence to the opening up of trade channels whenever and wherever we see signs of restrictive practices appearing. Above all, we must keep in mind that trade is a two-way street for us as well as for other nations—we must buy if we hope to sell.

JAMES STEWART

Mr. Stewart, CBE, is President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

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Fashion

REAL MINK is this season's most elegant accessory. You can dress up a simple little frock by wearing hoop earrings, a choker and a bracelet, all of mink. Or you can top off a costume with the luxury of a stole or coat in one of the new light shades of mink.

The continued high fashion for pale furs is especially noticeable in mink. Some 30 years ago, there was nothing but natural wild mink. Then, around 1930, the animals were bred scientifically and Ranch mink was introduced, its color a deeper brown. Other ranch mink shades were developed: Black Diamond, a dark, almost black, color; and Half-Blood, paler than ranch but darker than the wild.

Then came the craze for mutations. The first mutation was a fluke, one animal in a litter, definitely lighter in shade than a mink was expected to be. By selective breeding, various other colors have been produced but these new mutations are expensive, since it takes quite a time to get matching skins. The blonde mink coat advertised by Eaton's, for example, was worth $12,000.

The best known mutations are: Royal Pastel, a pale brown shade; Silver-Blu, actually on the grey tones; Sapphire Blue (sometimes called Cerulean), with a bluer tone than the Silver-Blu and often likened to the color of a woman's white hair after a blue rinse; Breath of Spring, a shade between Silver-Blu and Sapphire; Aleutian, a dark smoky blue; and white.

Ritter Brothers of New York (who, last spring, opened a Montreal store), have introduced a new mutation—Topaz mink, a deep golden color. They have also featured a gunmetal mink in a fingertip length coat, with double puff sleeves and a stand-up collar.

Wild mink itself is still regarded as one of the most elegant of furs. The best pelts come from Northern Ontario, Northern Quebec and Labrador. Simpson's Toronto has a wild mink jacket with a semi-fitted back and lantern sleeves, the skins manipulated in a circular fashion.

Creed's, you will remember, made the beautiful coat for Her Majesty, at the time of her marriage. On the opposite page, we have shown three of Creed's new styles in mink.

The interest in pale furs is also responsible for the present revival in fox, especially dramatic when used as cuffs. Very much in the fashion picture, too, are "caramel" opossum, blonde nutria and rosy beige sheared otter.

Beaver is another of the furs that has changed a great deal. Before the turn of the century, it was popular in a set of shoulder jacket, muff and jaunty hat. In its natural state it was an uninteresting brown; its bulk, due to its dense pile, and its tendency to mat in wet weather made it unpopular. Beaver returned to favor, however, some years ago, with the coarse hairs plucked out and the skin sheared to lighten the weight.

Women

MINK, *in coats designed and made by Creed's, Toronto. Above, Royal Pastel, with deep cuffs. The shorter coat, in Canadian wild mink, has the new sleeve treatment. At right, Black Diamond mink with hood-collar.*

Conversation Pieces:

CANADA is fast acquiring some extremely good fashion designers from Europe. Cosmopolitan Montreal has lured a few, Toronto has a number of them, and four years ago, Viennese-born Lore Maria Wiener settled in Vancouver, after abandoning her salon in Shanghai to the Communists. To Toronto, about two years ago, came Hungarian-born Tibor de Nagay, who had his own establishment in Paris but thought Canada offered a wider field. A year ago, Federica came to Toronto, too, from Milan, Italy. Recently she had her first showing of her own originals and we were particularly impressed with her use of striped wool for cocktail dresses. We liked, too, her informal evening coats, especially one which showed a Chinese Mandarin influence with its side slits and deep embroidery bands. One crepe dress was in a vivid sunset orange shade, with finely pleated skirt. The model wore a black "pineapple" hat, by Lily Jamon, composed of tiny petals, with a flaring orange Bird of Paradise plume.

Another European in Toronto, Hedy Hill, makes scarab jewellery. She has lived in practically every capital in Europe, and for quite a number of years in Egypt.

A letter from Ruth Norris, in Malaya with her husband, Harold ("Tiny") Norris, a Toronto teacher, tells of her first trip to a Chinese tailor, "a tiny smiling woman," in Ipoh. They decided on the style, from a fashion book; Ruth bought the material at a Tootal fabric shop, "waited on by a courteous Indian"; and in two weeks she had her dress. "There are European stores, too—two of them complete with Elizabeth Arden salons." The Norrises have bought a second-hand car that formerly belonged to His Highness, the Sultan of Perak.

Manitoba has formed a provincial organization of the Canadian Federation of Business and Professional Women's clubs. President will be Norma Tissot, of Flin Flon.

In the world of music: soprano Belva Boroditsky, of Winnipeg, won second place in the International Music Festival at Geneva, Switzerland, against 316 competitors from 33 countries. And contralto Gladys Kriese, also from Winnipeg, won the Chicago Theatre of the Air career contest, which included an appearance with a symphony orchestra.

We are always hearing how young a country Canada is, so it was interesting to see the wedding photograph of a ninth generation Canadian, Margaret Poupart, daughter of Armand Poupart, QC, of Montreal. Miss Poupart, who married Dr. Arthur F. Alvarez, FRCS, of England, is descended from Pierre de St. Ours who came to Canada in 1665 with a French regiment and was granted the Seigneurie de St. Ours by Intendant Talon.

Weddings: Avis Clark to R. F. McWilliams, former Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, both of Winnipeg; Andree Brossoit Maynard, daughter of Cmdr. Ross Maynard, OBE, of Ottawa, to Dr. Maurice Bernier, of Sherbrooke, Que.; Barbara Ada Booth, daughter of the Rev. Maynard W. Booth, general secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, of Montreal, to Robert B. Neufeld, of Saskatoon, Sask.; Janine Wood, daughter of George E. Wood, of Montreal, to Reinhard Boland, formerly of Utrecht, The Netherlands and now of Montreal; Margot Anne Tysoe, daughter of Charles W. Tysoe, QC, of Vancouver, to Frank Dolman, of Quesnel, BC.

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THE MODERN *home of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Graham has a view of mountains and bay. The house is built around an indoor patio, on which the living-room opens. Mrs. Graham is seen, below, with her back to the patio. On the other three sides of the patio are halls, off which are the bedrooms and kitchen.*

Vancouver Homes

FOUR *of the beautiful homes opened from time to time for the architectural tours arranged by the Women's Auxiliary of the Vancouver Art Gallery.*

THE HOME *of contemporary design, owned by Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fox, is on Marine Drive, overlooking the Fraser River. Below are Mrs. Fox and "Lucky", in the living-room with its pink-beige walls, rug and drapes, and its chartreuse and turquoise accents.*

THE SMALL FAMILY *home of Mr. and Mrs. Pat W. E. Burns, has a swimming pool and badminton court, and overlooks an old 1875 farm. The house—also on Marine Drive—is built entirely of plywood. At right is Mrs. Burns, in an archway of the living-room, which has a beige rug, rust-red walls and chintz drapes.*

MRS. J. T. O'BRYAN, *in the dining-room of her Georgian home. Three walls, ceiling and rug are a delicate green; the window wall is pale yellow, with yellow drapes. The buffet is Hepplewhite; the other furniture, Georgian.*

Photos Eric Skipsey

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Knight Errant In Petticoats

A WOMAN who is a critic of her own sex and yet retains the admiration and affection of other women is a rare being. Madame Henri Vautelet is that and much more. Perhaps because they recognize in her a distinguished and vocal champion of the causes they hold dear, she is forgiven for saying such things as, "Women will do anything to avoid using their brains and still bring to competition all the emotional involvements of the harem." Possibly also women recognize that she is herself her own best confutation. A few may accuse her of being a female Don Quixote tilting at the windmills of lost causes, but none will deny the accuracy of her aim or the strength of her blows.

Her family is a distinguished one. She was born Renée Geoffrion, daughter of Aimé Geoffrion, a noted King's Counsel. Her great-grandfather was Sir Aimé Antoine Dorion, one of the founders of Liberalism in Canada and considered by many to have been Sir Wilfrid Laurier's political tutor. One of Mme. Vautelet's childhood memories is being taken as a small girl to the Speaker's Gallery in the House of Commons when Sir Wilfrid was Prime Minister. He came to talk to her, took her to his office and for a drive. "I worshipped him," she says. She has remained indefatigably Liberal ever since. When she was in her teens her father took her to a meeting of the Privy Council in London. This was a highly unorthodox proceeding, but as there was no law against it, she was allowed in and became the first woman ever to attend such a session. It was natural that she should inherit her father's interest in law. Nothing pleases her more than to be told she has her father's type of mind. "I would have been a lawyer if I hadn't married," she says.

But she did marry—Lt-Col Henri Vautelet, in 1922. They have two daughters and today she is a grandmother. "I really enjoy home life, running a house, gardening, and a little leisure," she says, with a sigh. However, the causes she has backed have left her little leisure.

And what are her causes? Broadly speaking they include textbook revision in the interests of a more solid understanding between French and English, better education, consumer training and financial recognition of women's work in the home.

"The history books must be rewritten," she says. "Each country almost unconsciously instills in its children the conviction that its history alone is righteous. Canada is no exception. We need both French and English histories which give a nationwide awareness of the stresses and strains of a bi-racial country and the knowledge of friction points in the unavoidable bi-racial mentalities."

She attributes her own originality to her lack of formal education. (She had a tutor whom she confesses she could twist around her little finger.) She thinks education has failed to perform its most important function. "Too much education crammed into the first twenty years of life invites a distaste for learning," she says.

Today her chief cause is the Canadian Association of Consumers. She was one of its founders and is its new president. "Consumer education is the most important branch of adult education," she says.

Not only do women's buying habits leave something to be desired, but the housewife's situation as a whole is far from satisfactory in her opinion. She has been known to define the housewife as the "last cave dweller". She protests that she has never advocated pay for housewives, but she proposes something very like it—financial recognition of the female partner in the home.

Ashley & Crippen

MADAME HENRI VAUTELET: Ready to tackle any subject.

She has the distinction of being the first and, to date, only woman appointed to a council by the Quebec Government. This was the Economic Advisory Council set up during Premier Godbout's administration to study postwar unemployment. "Only men's unemployment was on the slate until I said unemployment of women should also be studied," she says. "I was given the task." She spent six months preparing her report; then the Godbout Government fell. Her report was not destined to gather dust in an official pigeonhole, however; the Montreal Council of Women and the Federation of St. Jean Baptiste published it.

During the Second World War she held important positions with the War Finance Committee, the Wartime Block Plan, the Red Cross, and the Women's Voluntary Services. In the midst of all this work, her husband told her that he was once again on active service and she must manage his insurance brokerage business for him. She was just recovering from being seriously ill with congestion of the lungs, she knew nothing of the business but she undertook his responsibilities in the firm of O'Halloran and Vautelet. When asked how she learned, she answered, "How does a young bride learn to cook or a young mother to care for her baby?"

Her attitude in this instance is typical of the way she has tackled other jobs. When she took up the cause of women's suffrage, she needed a typewriter. She bought some science-fiction magazines, studied their stories, produced a yarn of her own about a silver-skinned heroine from another planet and sent it off signed "Richard Vaughan". The $100 she received for it was the first money she ever earned. "I kept the cheque on my dressing-room mirror for days just to look at it," she says. She followed this success with two science-fiction serials for which she was paid $500 each. One of her stories has appeared in an anthology.

The pressure of her public life has forced her to give up this work and her hobby, painting. "They're not really top-flight," she says of the marines she has done and which hang in her summer home at Pointe Claire. But they have been shown in the annual exhibitions at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts.

Her community achievements in Montreal have included acting as midwife at the difficult birth of *Bureau d'Assistance aux Familles* (the French equivalent of a Social Service Agency) and as wet nurse for years afterwards. She has also been president of the French Children's Library. For her philanthropic and patriotic leadership she was made a CBE in 1942.

Her skill in public debate has been invaluable to her. She is considered by many to be Canada's most dynamic speaker whether in French or in English, and her talent seems inborn. Certainly no other woman speaker in the country commands her range of subjects. When, early in her career, she told her father she was going to speak on "managed currency", he remarked, "All Gaul is divided into three parts and you have all three." This willingness to tackle any subject has left her open to criticism from others than her own family for being too diffuse, but Madame Renée Vautelet, knight errant in petticoats, has proved over and over again that though a woman's interests may be wide, they can also be deep.

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Films

The American Way of Life

HALF A HERO, starring Red Skelton, comes up with the arresting thesis that the small American householder, struggling with gadgets and the bills that go with them, is really the modern counterpart of the American pioneer.

As the hero, or half-hero of this piece comes to see it, the covered-wagon pioneer, beset by Indians and up to his hub-caps in muskeg, is in much the same position as the twentieth century suburbanite who is up to his ears in revolving credit systems and ambushed by process servers. "What you need is Faith and Courage," cries the bright little wife in *Half a Hero*. It seems it takes faith and courage to build an outdoor barbecue where the family can dine on burned steak among the earwigs, or to build on an Extra Activity Room in which the chief activity consists in sitting around worrying about the contractor's bill.

For a while it looked as though the hero might be going to walk out on the busy little helpmate who was trying to point the American way of life. He doesn't, however. In the end he comes up with the dreamy rationalization that he is a pioneer and the business of the modern pioneer is to provide his wife with the necessary cash for all the unnecessary things she thinks she wants. Maybe that *is* the American way of life.

For the first time Red Skelton plays a straight comedy role of the type usually assigned to Cary Grant. He does it with a minimum of mugging and no more than a momentary indulgence in the baby-talk he has made his specialty. He even achieves a moment of seriousness towards the end, and delivers his final message with a conviction which may inspire more susceptible movie-goers to head straight for the nearest finance company and the American way of life.

The Actress, screen version of Ruth Gordon's stage play *Years Ago*, presents the American scene from a slightly more realistic angle. I don't know how far Miss Gordon has allowed herself to be autobiographical in this story of a stage-struck adolescent, but certainly a great deal of it has the air of springing from direct experience. The author has a retentive eye for detail, a quick ear for dialogue, both period and current, and a remarkable capacity for total recall. The picture is as funny and evocative and at times almost as intimate as an old snapshot album rescued from one's own attic.

The young heroine, after a rapturous evening at "The Pink Lady" falls in love with the stage and after that will have nothing to do with her father's plan to enroll her in the Boston School of Physical Instruction. In the end she has her way and starts for New York; and this, apart from a few minor domestic and romantic crises, is positively all the story. The value of *The Actress* lies almost entirely in the re-creation of a private little world, a world so remote and isolated that its return, intact, is almost as astonishing as a message washed up in a bottle.

It is beautifully acted by Jean Simmons as the daughter, Spencer Tracy as the father and Teresa Wright as the gentle mother. While Jean Simmons, with her Peter Thompson middie, her unplucked eyebrows and her awful hats, is perfectly the girl of the period, her special quality, youthful and ardent, makes her the adolescent of any period. Spencer Tracy is, of course, incapable of giving anything but a good performance and his crusty, land-locked sailor here is exactly right, a character realized in the round. The surprise of the film, however, was Teresa Wright who, up till now, has played nothing but youthful romantic roles. Her part in this film reveals her for the first time as a character actress of exceptional skill and sensitivity. Author Gordon has every reason to be grateful to all three for their part in restoring this record of youth practically intact.

IF YOU keep it in mind that heroes in melodramas are as indestructible as characters in comic cartoons, you may be able to get through the last half-hour of *Second Chance* without too much discomfort. The climax takes place in a cable car hung a thousand feet or so above a South American mountain gorge; and after Hero Robert Mitchum and Villain Jack Palance have slugged it out on the back platform, the cable cords begin twanging and snapping like banjo strings. Linda Darnell is a passenger in the car but it isn't necessary to worry about her either. The person to watch is Jack Palance, whose peculiar facial structure makes it inevitable that he will come to a bad end. He does. The film is in Three-D, and a foreword assures you that your polaroid glasses will leave your eyes rested and relaxed. They don't.

Count the Hours, starring Teresa Wright and MacDonald Carey, opens with a double murder. The two victims are wiped out with a speed and violence that the director finds a little hard to maintain once the law begins to take its ponderous course. Suspicion falls on a young handyman, and his troubles are complicated when his wife, a loving but rather addle-headed type, makes the mistake of throwing his gun into a muddy lake. Everything is cleared up in the end, however, with love, justice, and retribution falling satisfactorily into the proper departments.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

Associated Screen News

BARBARA JOAN RONALDS, *daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Ronalds, of Montreal, taken at the Seigniory Club, Montebello, Que., just before her September marriage to Pieter Frank Geerkens, of Schiedam, the Netherlands. With her is her mother, Mrs. R. C. Ronalds.*

• •

On Your Toes

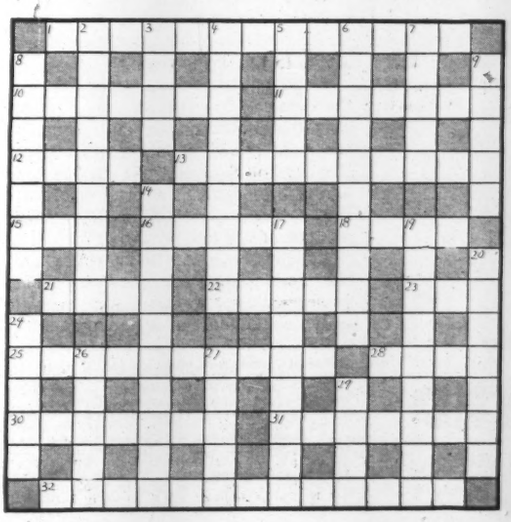
BY LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1, 32, 8. Because of this, far away fields look green. (8,5,11,2,3,4)
10. When a pair get hep to themselves they may be so. (7)
11. Startled, decapitated and confused! (7)
12, 2, 20. The return of the spiv? (4,9,7)
13. I follow Ethel to the front with a final direction not to overstep the mark. (3,3,4)
15. Girl in "The Vanishing American". (3)
16. See 22.
18. Just the girl to flag. (4)
21. A cheap way to travel if you can get away with it. (4)
22, 16. They're the result of a good crop. (3,5)
23. The cap to kick off? (3)
25. Tigers, pard, are not such big game after all! (10)
28. "Sir, I take it all back" she might have said. (4)
30. He conspired in "Julius Caesar" to go to the Royal Academy for his medicine. (7)
31. The innovation to dispense with a hostelry evidently received applause. (7)
32. See 1.

DOWN

2. See 12.
3. Like the 9, the lilies of the field don't either. (4)
4. They're a drug on the market? Yes and no! (9)
5. A bird with no regrets. (5)
6. Terms exist to describe them. (10)
7. Is it held over? I must go to it when in the city. (5)
8. See 1.
9. See 3. (5)
14. It may help one to clean up outdoors in April. (6,4)
17. Is it stock-y? Anyway, it shows more torso! (9)
19. Winter dictates it. Sweat it out! (9)
20. See 12.
24. Room required for men of the future. (5)
26. The siren was a sap, by gum! (5)
27. Even empty, it's still full of rain. (5)
29. The act of an author? So unladylike! (4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Brief case
9. Temper
10. Silicate
11. Pedant
12. Dental
14. Keen
15. Smell
16. Tennis
18. Pushkin
21. Grandee
24. Arouse
30. Pram
26. Asset
31. Elixir
32. Eyelet
33. Evenings
34. Sugary
35. Islanders

DOWN

2. Ruined
3. Evicts
4. Cradle
5. Speckle
6. Serene
7. Sprained
8. Britisher
11. Peter
13. Amok
17. Speakeasy
19. Stone age
20. Inert
22. Abel
23. Hammers
25. Spears
27. Seneca
28. Tidied
29. Jigger

(284)

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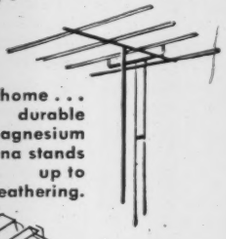

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The Backward Glance

28 Years Ago This Week in Saturday Night

FEATURED ON THE COVER page of SATURDAY NIGHT for Oct. 24, 1925, was a photograph of Isaac Governeur Ogden, Canada's oldest railroad executive, and Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Mr. Ogden had just celebrated his eighty-first birthday. Although not of their financial stature, Isaac Ogden portrayed the financier and senior executive of the Jim Fisk, Andrew Carnegie, Andrew Mellon, John D. Rockefeller, Cornelius Vanderbilt and J. P. Morgan era. He was a fine-looking old gentleman at eighty-one, with a well-barbered full beard. He was wearing a collared vest with white piping and a heavy gold watch chain that could have been used to tether a stallion.

This age of income and corporation taxes, trade unions and the social state has spelled the end to the Robber Barons of Thorstein Veblen and the villainous meat packers and railroad builders of Upton Sinclair, but we'll say this for them, they were a colorful lot. Today, the world's largest railroad, the CNR, is run by a political appointee, Donald Gordon, and the large corporations run their presidents, and not vice versa.

The Front Page discussed the Locarno Pact, and called it a document "which dismisses war from consideration as a means of settling international disputes." Where have we heard that since? The human race is gifted with a sublime faith in the signatures of men, although on the international scene the papers they sign are, to quote Kaiser Wilhelm, "mere scraps of paper". The League of Nations collapsed when a bombastic Mussolini defied it over Ethiopia, and the United Nations is hamstrung by the veto power invested in its members. Our ideals, it seems, far outdistance our ability to live up to them.

Another Front Page item told of the death of Eugene Sandow, "probably the most popular and certainly the most talked of strong man since the days of Samson." He died at the age of fifty-eight, as a result of breaking a blood vessel while lifting his car out of a ditch.

Sandow belonged to an era where the development of great muscular power was put to some good use, if only in exhibitions of strength. Not for him were the struttings and posturings of "Mr. Americas" and their musclebound ilk; he entertained by lifting grand pianos, tearing packs of cards, bending spikes, twisting coins between his fingers, holding up a dozen men at a time, and jumping over tables while carrying a fifty-pound weight in each hand.

He was not a big man, and SATURDAY NIGHT said, "In street costume he would have passed for an ordinary well-built citizen." His great strength was acquired by the use of simple exercise; it is said that he was rather frail as a youth and got his first idea of building up his frame through a study of the Greek sculptors' art.

In 1925 the Ku Klux Klan set out to organize groups in Canada, but the organization never did catch on to any great extent. In that year, too, Mr. Justice Meredith, Ontario's Chief Justice, said that 60 per cent of all prison inmates in Ontario had been jailed for infringements of the Ontario Temperance Act. Under the subheading, "If Money Is Cheap Stocks Are Dear", the Front Page stated that, "Stock market values have advanced because of easy money, and money has been plentiful by reason of the lack of expansion in industry which ordinarily uses up this surplus wealth."

R. B. Wells, of Kentville, NS, stated in a letter to the editor that contrary to general opinion a wooden Indian was still extant, standing before Cashes' tobacco store in St. John's, Newfoundland. W. P. Brattle of Regina took a SATURDAY NIGHT writer to task for claiming that Calgary led the rest of North American cities in the number of telephones per capita, and reserved that position for Toronto.

Under "Saved From The Wastebasket" we read that Florence A. Deeks of Toronto had sued H. G. Wells and the Macmillan Co. for half a million dollars for alleged illegal use of her manuscript, *The Web*, in *The Outline of History*. Plagiarism, or the pirating of literary works, seems to have been all the vogue in the 20's. Freda R. Wren, of St. Andrews, NB, wrote to say that André Maurois in *Ariel*, his biography of Shelley, had stolen pages of copy holus-bolus from Trelawney's *Life Of Shelley*. W. K. Fleming, in the *Quarterly Review*, had revealed that much of Joseph Henry Shorthouse's *John Inglesant* had been stolen from previous works of literature, including Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Hobbes' *Leviathan* and Evelyn's *Diary*, as well as many obscure 17th Century works.

WILLIAM ARTHUR DEACON, now the Literary Editor of the Toronto *Globe & Mail* was, in 1925 and thereabouts, the book reviewer of SATURDAY NIGHT. Besides his critical chores he doubled as the magazine's law writer, compiling a column called "Law and Common Sense", under the byline W. A. Deacon, LL.B. Until spotting this column, hidden away in the Financial Section, we had almost forgotten that Mr. Deacon was a lawyer, as we are apt to forget that Morley Callaghan is a lawyer also.

The column under review was numbered 106, and dealt with homicide. Mr. Deacon began it by saying, "Justifiable homicide is not a subject that it would have been necessary to touch a few years ago. Then killings were few and the matter clear-cut in the mind of everyone." We would like to argue with Mr. Deacon about murder being more widespread, per population, in 1925 than it was, say, in 1905, but we will let that go. The column gave a very good résumé of the law as it applies to murder, justifiable homicide and manslaughter.

Two prominent Canadian financiers had their photographs in SATURDAY NIGHT 28 years ago this week, A. E. Ames, who had been elected Vice-President of the Russell Motor Car Co. Ltd., and J. W. McConnell, who had been elected a director of Brazilian Traction Light and Power Co.

Another photograph was that of the Rt. Hon. Austin Chamberlain, England's Secretary of Foreign Affairs in the Baldwin Government. With his stiff, forbidding appearance and his monocle he looked for all the world like a clean-shaven Prussian Junker. We stifled an urge to draw a handlebar mustache on his picture to see what he would look like à la the Iron Chancellor; after all we have to observe *some* decorum.

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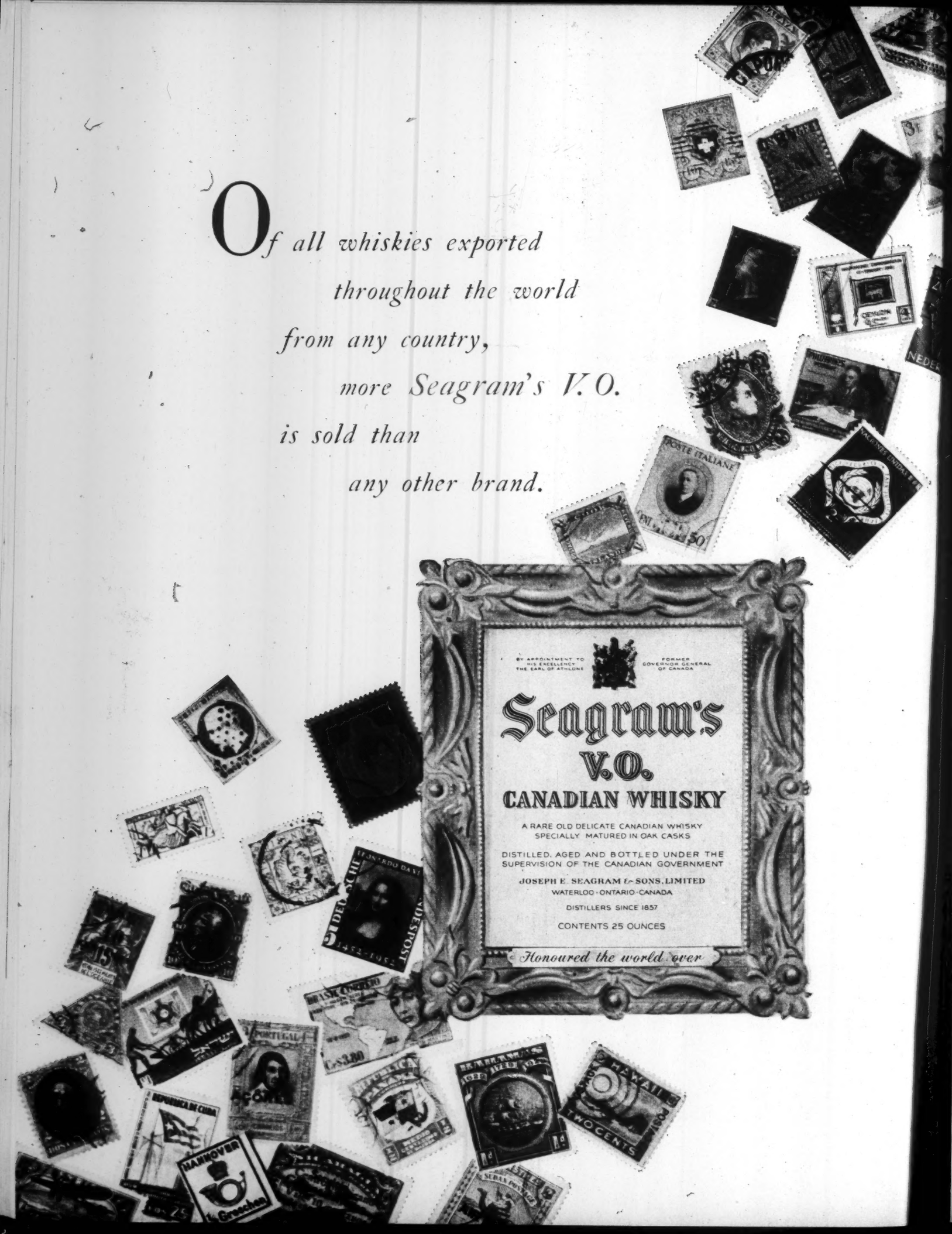
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